

THE LIBERTY "BOYS OF '76"

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 24. 1903.

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THE LIBERTY BOYS STRANDED; OR, A FOOT IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

By HARRY MOORE.



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The Liberty Boys Stranded

OR,

Afoot in the Enemy's Country.

By **HARRY MOORE.**

CHAPTER I.

IRELAND VERSUS GERMANY.

"Phwat's dhe matther wid yez, innyhow?"
"Dere peen noddin' der madder mit me."
"Phwat fur did yez boomp into me, jhust now, thin; ot's phwat Oi'm afther wantin' to know."
"I have nod der boomp indo you made."
"G'wan, yez Dootch chaze, ye!"
"I vill go on mit mineselluf ven I blease, und not pere, you pig Irishmans!"
"Phwat's thot yez are afther callin' av me—a pig? begorra, an' yez don't be afther retracthin' av thot insinnyvation it's mesilf wull bate dhe tow oyes av yez into an, so Oi wull."
"I haf nod galled you one pig."
"Oh, yez hoven't?"
"Nein, nein."
"Phwat's thot!—yez call me noin pigs, do yez? Wull, gorra, an' Oi'll give yez a bating noin times as hard Oi intinded, so Oi wull."
"I haf misunderstood you. I did nod say dot you vas e pig."
"An' don't Oi know thot? Yez said Oi wur noin pigs—'thot's noin toimes worse."
"Nein, nein; you haf understood me nod; I did nod y such a t'ing as dot."
"Yez said 'pig,' fur it's mesilf phwat heard yez wid me vn blissid ears, so Oi did."
"Vat I sait vas nod 'big'; I haf sait 'pig.'"

"An' thot's phwat Oi said, yez Dootch sauerkrout barrel, yez; yez said Oi wur wan pig——"

"Nein, nein. You——"

"Dhere yez go ag'in, Dutchy. Oi give ye fa'r warnin' thot av yez call me noine pigs ag'in, it's mesilf wull bate dhe loife half out av yez, begorra!"

"You haf misunderstood ourselluf; ven I say nein, I do nod mean nine vat you mean ven you say nine in anglisch."

"Wull, phwat do yez mane, thin?"

"I haf py dot vord 'nein,' vitch is der Sherman bure und simple, meant do oxbress vat you mean ven you say—vat is it? Oh, yes, I haf him now—'no.' No, dot is him."

"'No, dot is him!' Dutchy, phwy don't yez learn to speak dhe English langwidge. Yez make me laff whin yez open dot mouth av yours, so ye do. Yez say 'No, dot is him,' whin yez mane 'Yis, thot is it.'"

"Vell, I t'ink dot you do nod der anglisch lanquidge so ver' goot speeg, yourselluf, you pig Irishmans."

"Dere yez go ag'in. Begorra, an' av yez don't be afther retracthin' av the insinnyvation thot yez have exprissed in thim worruds, it's mesilf, Patsy Brannigan, phwat 'll bate dhe loife ha'f out av yez, so Oi wull!"

"I vill noddings retract vrom mineselluf; I haf sait vat I don'd vas meant, und I sdick do him, py shimmanetty!"

"All roight, thin here's phwere dhe fun begins, begorra!" and with a wild Irish whoop, the Irish youth attacked the Dutch one.

The next moment they were rolling in the street, engaged in a fierce battle, the blows of the combatants being punctuated by appropriate "Irish-English" and "German-American" remarks.

It was about the middle of a bright afternoon in August of the year 1778.

The place was the city of Savannah, in Georgia.

Two young men—one an Irishman, the other a German—had run into each other in turning a corner on one of the main streets of the city, and while neither had been knocked down by the impact, their anger had been aroused, and they had indulged in mutual recrimination, as described in the conversation already given. And now, as already stated, they were rolling in the street, engaged in a combat of no mean proportions, for the Irish youth was a husky fellow, and descended from a fighting race; and the German youth, while slower to anger, was tenacious of purpose, and quite capable of putting up a stubborn fight when once he got good going. He was a large, fat youth, but seemingly quite strong, and although he was soon puffing like a steam-engine, he kept at work with commendable perseverance.

Of course, a crowd had speedily gathered when the two first began quarreling, and the talk of the two had been enjoyed hugely; and when they got to fighting this capped the climax, and the spectators were happy. They felt that they were getting their full money's worth.

Some took the side of the Irish youth, and some that of the Dutch youth, and they yelled advice and encouragement freely.

"Go for him, Irish!"

"Pound him, Dutchy!"

"Strike for Old Ireland!"

"Put in some licks for 'Der Faderland'!"

"Give it to him!"

"Don't let him thrash you!"

Such were a few of the remarks made by the spectators, but it is doubtful whether the two heard or not. They were too busy to pay attention to the talk of bystanders.

"Quid hidding me in der nose!" yelled the Dutch youth, kicking wildly.

"Lave go av me hair, yez Dootch boloney!" roared the Irish youth.

It was a comical fight to witness, without doubt, and the spectators roared.

"No fair hitting Dutchy in the nose, Irish!" roared a sympathizer of the German youth.

"Pulling hair is against the rules!" yelled an adherent of the Irish youth.

"Kick his shins, Dutchy!"

"Poke him in the stomach with your knee, Irish!"

Over and over, fighting like Kilkenny cats, went the two youths. They were fighting for all they were worth, yet retained a philosophy of mind that would have been impossible had they belonged to any other nationalities. They were angry at each other; there was no doubt about that, but they were not crazed with rage, as is the case among people of most other nations.

"Quid hidding me by der nose!" again yelled the Dutch youth. "If you don' vas quid dot, I vill stob fighding; you

make me mine nose all blutty und sboil me mine goot loo alretty."

"Begorra, an' yez naden't be afeerd av thot, Dutchy said the Irish youth. "Yez have no good looks to spo so yez haven't; but Oi'll not be afther stroikin' yez in d nose inny more, fur it's not wantin' yez to sthop foighti Oi am; sure, an' Oi'm havin' too much fun, as it is, a want to kape it up."

"Oh, you vant me do keep on fighding, eh?"

"Shure, an' Oi do—only Oi'd be much obloiged av ye lave go av me hair; it hoorts loike iverythin', so it does

"Don't you do it, Dutchy," cried a bystander. "Har onto that red hair of his, and make him cry 'enough.

"Oh, fur dhe love av goodness, lave go av me ha Dutchy," pleaded Patsy Brannigan. "Lave go, an' it's m silf 'll get oop an' smack thot spalpane achune dhe oye so Oi wull, an' tache 'im to kape sthills whin no wan spakin' to 'im."

"Vait a minned, wait a minned!" cried the Dut youth.

"Wull, phwat d' yez want?"

"Vill you bromise nod to hit me in der nose if I let my hold loose mit der hair?"

"Yis, yis. Oi'll prommus yez innythin' av only yez w lit me get oop, so Oi kin smack thot spalpane achune d oyes an' tache 'im not to be afther interferin' in ither pe ple's bizness, begorra!"

"All ride; I vill let you go—bud if you vorgot about dot brommise, und hit me der nose in, I vill kick you der stomach mit both my footses!"

"Oi'll remimber my prommus, Dutchy; shure, an' i a man av honor Oi am, begorra. Oi on'y want a chance smack thot spalpane in dhe mouth, an' tache 'im mannet thot's all."

The Dutch youth let go of Patsy's hair, and the Irish youth leaped to his feet, and turned toward the spectators, fire in his eyes.

"Show me dhe onmannerly omadhoun phwat wur fray and liberal-loike wid his advice, an' Oi'll convin him av dhe error he wur makin' by interfherin' in phv did not concern him, so Oi wull!" he cried, fiercely.

"If you are a good runner you may get the chance," grinned one of the spectators.

"A good runner, did yez say?"

"Yes."

"An' phwat d' yez mane by thot?"

"Why, as soon as he saw you were going to get up e go for him he made his way out of the crowd and took his heels."

"Oh, dhe coward—dhe onginthlemanly spalpane, is spake out loike he did, an' thin not have dhe manhood to remain an' back his worruds wid his body. Shure, wan' t'ing is ividint, an' thot is thot he is not an Oiri man, fur niver would a son av dhe Imerald Oisle run fr a foight."

"Well, you still have the Dutchman, there, to fight wit

suggested a spectator. "Your pleasure has not been wholly spoiled."

"Thot's so, begorra," and then he turned and faced the Dutch youth, who was seated on the ground, industriously dapping his bleeding nose with a handkerchief.

"Say, yez Dutch sauerkrout barrel, yez," said Patsy, "av ingage in a continuation av dhe foight phwat wur interrupted, wull yez pull my hair loike ye wur doin?"

"You pet me my life I vill!" was the prompt reply. "I yeel bull all dot ret hair vrum your haid ovid, und leef id all esld lige a shicken vat haf been picked, py shimanetty!"

"Ye wull do thot?"

"You pet me my life I vill!"

"Thin Oi won't foight yez inny more, begorra! Shure, m' thot is no way to foight, so it ain't."

"Und hidding me py my nose in is no vay to fight; loog a me now. I peen all blutty lige I vas peen in der slaughter-house pizness."

"Shure, an' thot's dhe roight way fur to foight," declared the Irish youth.

"I disbate id! I do nod pelieve me. Id is no vay to fight. Id is nod der vay shentlemens should fight mit one udder, und if you say you vill strige me der nose in, if fighd some more, den I vill nod fighd."

"All right, thin, Dutchy; Oi accipt yer apology," said Patsy, "an' we'll call it sittled as it stands."

"I haf me no abology made," dissented the Dutch youth; "but I am villing nod to fighd mit you some more."

At this moment a handsome, bronzed youth of perhaps nineteen years stepped forward, and said:

"That's right; make up and shake hands over it. You ve fought enough. I saw you when the trouble began; eu were neither of you to blame for the accident. You both came around the corner at the same moment and collided, and one was as much to blame as the other."

"Shure, an' Oi guess thot's roight," agreed Patsy.

"Yah; dot peen ride," nodded the Dutch youth, glaring gubriously at the bloody handkerchief.

"Of course it is right. Come, get up, my Dutch friend; I help you," and he extended his hand. The youth grasped it, and the stranger youth aided the Dutch youth to his feet.

"Now, what is your name?" the peacemaker asked.

"Carl Gookenspieler."

"Oh, phwat a name dhe Dootchy has, to be shure!" murmured the Irish youth.

"And your name, I believe, is Brannigan?" turning to the Irishman.

"Yis, sir; Patsy Brannigan, an' a good name it is."

"Very well. Patsy, shake hands with Carl, and forget this matter."

"All roight; Oi'm willin' av Dootchy is."

"I peen villing to vorgif you, but vorged you I gannot dot so soon, all der vile. So long as my nose hurt like m hurt now, I gannot vorged."

"Oh, your nose will soon stop hurting, Carl," said a bystander, smiling.

"Yah, I hope so, I dink so; vell here is my hant, Batsy Prannigan."

"An' dhere's my hand, Carl Cookspiller," said the Irish youth. "Shure, an' yez'd be all roight av yez didn't go fur to pullin' av hair whin yez get to foightin'. Av yez don't prommus not to do thot inny more, begorra, an' it's mesilf as niver'll foight wid yez ag'in."

"Don'd you vas gall me my name ovid," cried the Dutch youth. "'Cookyspiller!' Dot peen not my namen."

"Thot's all roight, Dootchy," with a grin. "Shure, an' yez can't be afther expicktin' me to break me jaws wid thim Dootch syllables phwat yez have in yer name. Oi'll be afther sayin' 'Cookyspiller' an' manin'—wull, phwativer it is thot yer name is, begorra."

Then the two shook hands as heartily as though they had not been fighting each other for all they were worth only a few minutes before.

And the crowd applauded heartily, for, having been furnished considerable free amusement by the two, they could not well help feeling friendly toward them.

"Now you two are friends," said the young stranger.

"Av coorse we're frinds," said the Irish youth.

"Yah, ve luf each udder tearly," from the Dutch youth.

CHAPTER II.

NEW RECRUITS.

"Phwere wur yez goin' so fast whin yez boomed into me a litttle whoile ago, Cookyspiller?" asked Patsy, when they had got through shaking hands.

"Vere I vas going mit myselluf?"

"Thot's phwat I axed yez."

"I haf come me der city indo vor to fint der vellers vat you gall 'Lipperty Poys.'"

"Phwat's thot yez say? Yez wur afther huntin' fur dhe 'Liberty Byes'?"

"Yah, dot is so."

"Begorra, an' thot's funny."

"Vy is it vunny? Make me some exblanations about dot."

"Phy, it's funny fur dhe raison thot Oi wur lookin' fur dhe 'Liberty Byes' mesilf, whin Oi boomed oop ag'inst yez an' got all me sinses scattered so thot Oi didn't know phwere Oi wur at."

"Oh, you were lookin' vor dose 'Lipperty Poys,' all der same lige mineselluf?"

"Oi wur."

"Dot vas fooney."

"So it wur, begorra; but phy wur yez lookin' fur dhe 'Liberty Byes,' Dootchy?"

"I peen goin' to shoin mit dem."

"To jine thim, d'yez mane?"

"Yah, dot is vat I mean."

"An' phwat wur yez goin' to jine thim fur, Oi dunno?"

"Vy, to hellup fighd der redgoats."

"Oh, g'wan wid yez, Cookyspiller! Whoiver heard till av a red goat, an' phwat fur would dhe 'Liberty Byes' be afther foightin' wid goats, innyhow?"

"He means the British soldiers, Patsy," explained the youth who had acted the part of peacemaker, and who had remained, listening to the conversation of the two with an amused look on his face. "The British are called 'red-coats,' you know."

"Oh, so dhey are, so dhey are; Oi wur afther furgittin' thot same. But wan has to take Cookyspiller by phwat he manes, an not by phwat he says; shure, an' he gets dhe English langwidge turribly twisted, so he does."

"I sbeak der Englisch lanquidge petter as vat you sbeak him, Batsy Prannigan. I am von Amerigan; I vas porn in dis goundry."

"Thin' all Oi have to say is thot yez have lived in a Dootch sittlemint all yer loife, Oi'm thinkin'; fur yez kin spake English no better than a pig, begorra!"

"Never mind about that, now," said the youth, interfering, for he saw the Dutch youth was about to retort sharply. "We will let the question as to which speaks the better English rest for the present, while I ask you a few questions."

"All righd; ve will let der question rest."

"So we wull, begorra—though dhe Dutchman can no more spake English roight dhan a——"

A gesture stopped the Irish youth, and the handsome young man asked:

"You two young men say you were looking for the 'Liberty Boys' when you ran together?"

"Yis."

"Yah, dot's so."

"And you were intending to join the 'Liberty Boys,' and fight the British?"

"Shure, an' thot's phwat Oi wur afther wantin' to do."

"Und id vas der same vay mit mineselluf."

"Humph. Where do you live, Patsy?"

"About t'ree moiles south from dhe city, sor."

"And where do you live, Carl?"

"Fife mile vrom der city, up toward der nort, is vere I lif."

"Have you parents, Patsy?"

"Yis, sor."

"And you, Carl?"

"Yah, I haf me swei fader und mutters, und von sister Katrina."

"Oh, listhen to dhe Dootchy talk," grinned Patsy. "He is afther murtherin' av dhe Eng——"

A gesture from the young man stopped him.

"Carl means that he has a father and mother, and that both together are two," he said.

"An' he has only wan sishter Katrina," grinned Patsy. "Dhe Dootch are great fur wanthin' to explain iverythin' explicitly, begorra."

"That will do," said the young man. "Now, Patsy, are

your parents willing that you shall join the 'Liberty Boys' and help fight the British?"

"Shure, an' dhey are, sor."

"And how about your parents, Carl?"

"Dey haf sait dot I can shoin der 'Lipperty Poys' mit der redgoats fighd."

"And you are sure you both wish to do this?"

"Shure, sor!"

"Yah, dot is so."

"Very well; then you may do so."

"Shure, an' how are yez afther knowin' thot, sor?" asked Patsy. "Phwat d'yez know abhout dhe 'Liberty Byes,' dunno."

"Do you vas peen von 'Liberty Poy,' mit youselluf from Carl."

"Yes, I am one of the 'Liberty Boys.'"

"Hurroo!"

"Yah; I vill say 'hurroo' mineselluf!"

"An' wull yez show us dhe way to dhe place phwere 'Liberty Byes' are afther bein'?" asked Patsy.

"Yes, indeed."

"Hurroo some more!" cried Carl.

"Oh, wull yez kape thot 'tater-trap av your'n shut Dootch chaze, yez!" cried Patsy. "Phwat roight hov ye be afther thryin' to spake dhe language av Ould Oirelansons, innyhow?"

"I sbeak all lanquishes vat I vant to sbeak, und I nod any von vor permittness!" cried Carl, belligerently.

"There, there!" exclaimed the young man, laughing. "If you two join my company you will have to stop quarreling, for I cannot have it, you know."

"Phwat!"

"Vat is dot vat you haf said?"

"Shure, an' are yez dhe hid mon av dhe 'Liberty Byes'?" asked Patsy.

"I am."

"Hurroo! Phwat is your name, sor?"

"Dick Slater."

"Thot's it! Thot's dhe name it's meself has been afther hearin' mitioned a great plinty, begorra, but dhe soighd dhe mug av thot Dutchman made me up an' furgit it, an' thot's dhe truth."

"Vat is dot you have sait?" cried Carl. "You pe speak disrespectfully aboud me if you don't vant to join you pig Irishmans!"

"Oh, listhen to dhe Dootchy!" laughed Patsy. "Shure, an' don't he be afther spakin' dhe English language boistfully."

"I haf said noddings aboud any poots," said Carl, "but ven id comes py sbeakin' der Englisch lanquidge, I shoost so goot as der Irishmans, py shimmanetty!"

"Yes, you are all right, both of you," said Dick Slater, for it was indeed the young captain of the "Liberty Boys." "You both speak the language so as to make yourself understood, and that is sufficient."

"Av Oi couldn't spake better dhan thot——"

"I speak mooch besser Englisch als——"

But a gesture from Dick stopped them, and then the youth said:

"Come with me. I was on my way to the place where my 'Liberty Boys' are quartered when I happened to see you two bump up against each other. I'm glad I stayed, now, as it has gained two recruits for my company. Come along."

"Come along wid yez, Dootchy," said Patsy. "Don't be afther hangin' back an' kapin' dhe ginthleman waitin'."

"I peen retty py haf an hour pack, but you make so muchness talk mit your mout dot ve could get started bod," retorted Carl.

Then the two fell in behind Dick, and followed him from the spot, while the crowd laughingly dispersed.

"I'm afraid you'll have more trouble with those two fellows than with the redcoats, Captain Slater," said one.

"Oh, I guess they'll be easy to manage, after they find out what is required of them," was Dick's reply.

"Shure, an' yez'll hav no throuble at all, at all, wid me, Capthain Dick," said Patsy, "but wid dis t'ick-headed Dootchman it wull be different. Yez wull hav to bate yinse into his head wid a club, begorra, an' Oi'm dhe monstur thot jhob."

"You hit me ofer der haid vonst mit a glub, und see vat you get hit in der sdomach mit!" cried Carl.

"Phwat wull yez hit me in dhe stummick wid?" asked Patsy, curiously.

"Mit dwo glubs, py shimmanetty!"

"G'wan, ye Dootch chaze, yez! Av iver yez hit me wid a club an' Oi foind it out, it's mesilf wull make your sister Katrina dhe only child av your parents, begorra!"

CHAPTER III.

FUN FOR THE "LIBERTY BOYS."

"Hello, Dick, what have you there?"

"Some new recruits."

"New recruits, eh?"

"Yes, Bob."

"Where did you find them?"

"Up the street aways."

"And they want to join our company?"

"They do."

"Shure, an' thot's phwat we kim here for, begorra."

"Yah, dot peen vy ve comed here py minesellufs."

Dick, accompanied by the two would-be recruits, had reached the quarters occupied by the "Liberty Boys," and on entering the room where the youths were congregated, had been greeted as above, Bob Estabrook, his righthand man and chum, being the leading spokesman. Now, however, the others began speaking up.

"Listen to them talk!"

"One is an Irishman!"

"And the other a Dutchman!"

"Shure, an' it's mesilf is an Oirish-Amerikin," said Patsy.

"Und I haf peen von Sherman-American, by shimmanetty!" from Carl.

"They are all right, boys," said Dick. "They are both Americans."

"Yah," from Carl, "und ve vill der redgoats fighd lige plazes."

"Shure, an' whin yez say us foightin', yez'll be glad thot ye hov us wid yez, so ye wull!" declared Patsy.

The "Liberty Boys" saw they had to deal with a couple of original characters, and scented fun ahead. This was just to their liking, for it was sometimes dry work, especially when encamped in one spot for a considerable length of time, as sometimes happened. Under such circumstances a couple of fellows such as these two seemed to be would be a genuine boon.

"Oh, you can fight, then?" asked one.

"Shure, an' we kin foight, all roight!"

"Yah, ve gan fighd lige dwenty-fife wildgats, und dot's der trudt!"

"Indeed?"

"We're glad to hear that!"

"Yes, we want fighters."

"If you can fight like twenty-five wildcats, Dutchy, you are certainly all right."

"They can fight, boys, for I saw them at it," said Dick, with a smile. "When I first caught sight of them they were fighting."

"Who were they fighting, Dick?" asked Bob.

"Each other."

"Oh, each other, eh?"

"Yes."

"What was the trouble?"

"They were turning a corner at the same moment, and bumped into each other, and got to fighting as a result."

"Shure, an' Oi didn't boomp into dhe Dootchy," protested Patsy. "It wur himsilf phwat boomped into me, an' Oi wouldn't hov thot, ye know, an' so Oi wint fur him, so Oi did."

"Nein, nein!" cried Carl. "I dit nod indo der Irishmans pump; he haf mit me indo run alretty, lige a pig cow."

"G'wan wid yez!" cried Patsy, with superb scorn; "jhust listhen to dhe manner in which dhe Dootchy murdthers dhe English languidge, wull yez. He says Oi ran into him loike a pig cow! Now, whoiver heard till av thot koind av a baste?"

"I have-sait ein pig cow," cried Carl, excitedly.

"Oi know phwat yez said; it's mesilf heard yez say it. Dhe best t'ing yez kin do, Dootchy, is to kape sthill an' say nothin' at all, at all. Ivery toime yez open thot tater-trap av yours, ye are afther gettin' your fut in it, begorra."

"I vill mine footses make mit your mout' in, py und py, bretty quick, uf you don't speak resbecfulness py mine-

selluf some more!" declared Carl, swelling up and looking belligerent.

The "Liberty Boys" roared. They could not help it. The words, and manner of speaking, of the Dutch youth were so comical a dog would have laughed.

"Hurrah for Dutchy!" cried one.

"He's all right."

"Of course he is."

"And so is the Irishman."

They are both all right."

"Yes, they are both good ones."

"Say here, Cookyspiller," cried Patsy threateningly, "av yez are afther wantin' to die a suddint an' ontimely death, jhust thry for to lift wan av thim big futs av yours ag'inst me. Shure, an' Oi won't l'ave enuff av yez fur to hould a wake over, so Oi won't!"

"Don'd vas gall me 'Cookyspiller,' Batsy Prannigan!" cried Carl, his face red with anger. "Uf you vas gall me my name ould some more, bretty soonness I vill gif you a kick in de sdomach, py shimmanetty!"

"Don't be afther callin' me out av me name, ayther, yez barrel av sauerkrout, yez!" roared Patsy. "Me name is Patsy Brannigan, Oi'd hov yez to know."

"Und my namen is Gookenspieler, nod 'Cookyspiller,' und I vant you to know dot, Batsy Prannigan."

"Dhere yez go ag'in. Av yez call me Batsy Prannigan wanst more Oi'll smash thot big nose av your'n all over yer face, so Oi wull!"

"Und vat vill I pe doing, vile dot is going on? Exblanation me dot, vonst."

"Shure, an' thot's aisy. Yez wull be howlin' loike a dog fast under a gate, begorra."

"Don't you pelieve me! I vill nod. Id vill pe you who vill some howlings make, worster as dwo dogs unter dree gates, by shimmanetty!"

The "Liberty Boys" were almost convulsed with laughter. It was more fun than they had had in a month, and they enjoyed it hugely. They uttered remarks calculated to egg the two on.

"That's the way to talk, Cookyspiller."

"You're all right, Patsy."

"Don't you let him back you down, Dutchy."

"Stand up to him, Brannigan."

"Shure, an' it's mesilf could stand oop to a dozen such fellows as dhis Dootchmen, begorra," declared Patsy.

"Und I gan stant oop in vrunt uf dree tuzzen vellows lige der Irishmans," cried Carl, determined not to be out-talked or outdone in any manner by the Irish youth.

"Of course you can, Dutchy!"

"Yes, yes! You're all right!"

"And so is Patsy."

The two had become angry, now, and were squaring off toward each other like two gamecocks. They were, in fact, keyed right up to the fighting-pitch.

"Now, listhen to me, Dootchy," cried Patsy. "Oi want to be afther warnin' yez not to pull me hair dhis toime, for

av yez do, Oi shall murdther yez. D'yez moind th now?"

"I vill bull me all uf dot ret hair vrom your haid o so I vill!" declared Carl. "Uf you no lige him, I do vas veel pad aboudid id, und dot's so."

"Av yez pull me hair Oi'll smack yez in dhe snoot, Oi wull!"

"Uf you do dot I von't fighd mit you, und dot's siddle cried Carl. "Dot is no vay to fighd. Shentlemens do vas hit one anudder der noses in; you haf alretty hit so much py der nose dot he veels so pig like der drunk von elephant."

"G'wan wid yez. Whoiver heard till av an illyphy bein' drunk? Dhey hov too much sinse to be afther tin' drunk."

"I haf sait 'drunk,' not 'trunk.'"

"Oi know phwat yez said. Oi am not dafe an' door begorra. Yez said drunk, so yez did."

"Und dot is vat I haf sait."

"Oh, jhust listhen to dhe Dootchy!" grinned Pat. "Shure an' he is afther gettin' more twisted ivery blis toime he opens thot mouth av his'n."

"I vill make you some twistedness, py shimmanetty," cried Carl. "I vill fighd mit you, no matter uf you hit in der nose more as dree dimes. I haf vor you much likeness, und I vill pull der hair vrom your haid all out und make you look lige you dit ven you vas von papy out any hair at all."

"Here's for yez, Dootchy!" cried Patsy. "It's mes wull show yez how an Oirishman foights whin his mad oop."

"Und I vill shoy you der vay a Sherman-Amerigan lo ven his angriness is poiling up indo his t'roat und vanti to shump mit his mout ould."

There is no doubt at all that the two would have fought then and there, for both were angry, but Dick interfered and getting in between, motioned the two back.

"Hold on, boys, no more of that!" he said, with a sh of sternness. "You know I told you there was to be no more fighting if you joined my company."

"Oh lit me afther havin' jhust wan crack at G Dootchy!" cried Patsy, smacking his fist in his hand. "I mesilf phwat wants to increase dhe soize av thot probos av his'n, und make it swell oop like a bushel-baskit, gorra!"

"Und I vill make your bropossus swell oop lige dree dy pushel paskets, uf I haf some shances at him!" cried Carl.

The "Liberty Boys" were roaring with laughter. It was the funniest scene they had witnessed in many a day, and they would not have been very sorry had they got together in a fight, for they saw that while both were very belligerent, they were not at all likely to injure each other much. Still, they realized that if the two were to join the company, they would have to behave themselves and live according to the rules, and it would not do for them to be fighting.

th "I want you two to shake hands and make up," said Dick. "If you are to be members of my company you must be friends and treat each other pleasantly."

ou "I vill dreat him bleasandly uf he vill some resbeetful-ss show," said Carl.

ot, "Oi'll trate dhe Dootchy roight, av he wull act loike a eint whoite mon, begorra," said Patsy. "Wan t'ing Oi ent, an' thot is thot he shall sthop callin' me 'Batsy Prannigan.'"

do "Und I make insistness dot he vill sdop galling me Cookyspiller," cried Carl. "Dot is nod my name."

t "An' don't Oi know it?" from Patsy. "Av course it hu't your name; but phwere, Oi ax ivery wan prisint, is ge Amirikin phwat kin spake dhe Dootchy's rale name? hey kin not be found, an' av Oi do dhe bist Oi kin, thot is e bist Oi kin do."

or "That is right," said Dick. "I told you that once be-re, and it is the same way with Carl. He can't say ats 'Batsy Brannigan,' and you must not get angry when he is 'Batsy Prannigan.' That is his rendering of your me, the same as you say 'Cookyspiller' for 'Gookenspieler.'"

t "Yah, dot is so," said Carl.

"All roight; Oi wull acciept dhe Dootchy's apology, but u wull have to be careful how he takes liberties wid me me, which is as good a wan as iver mon owned, be-rra."

"Id is no petter as my namen," cried Carl. "I haf me st so goot a namen as any Irishmans vat don't vas lif, d dot is so."

"Yes, yes; you both have good names, in their way," said ck. "Now shake hands and forget it all."

ik "I vill vorgif, bud I gannod dot vorget mineselluf, etty quickness," said Carl.

g "Did innny wan iver hear dhe loikes av thot, now!" r-erked Patsy, with a mournful air. "Thot is dhe worst iver heard, an' thot's a fact. Dhe Dootchy no more ows what he means whin he talks dhan a dog do whin he barkin'; he jhust shuts his oyes an' turns his mouth loose lits dhe worruds come out innny way dhey loike, begorra, dhe listheners have to sort thim out and set thim up in row an' guess at phwat the Dootchy manes."

sk "Id is nod so! I haf make me some objections to such pressions vrom der mout of der Irishmans. I gan make aeselluf more understoodness vat der Irishmans gan ke, dot is so. Ven I sbeak, I say vat I haf in my mint, d vat I haf in my mint is more as vat Batsy Prannigan f in his mint, vor his prains would nod so muchness hold dot."

"Dhere yez are," grinned Patsy. "Yez pick out phwat z kin an' guess at dhe rist."

"That will do, now," said Dick. "Shake hands and go er yonder and sit down."

The two shook hands, but not very heartily, and walked er to the farther side of the room and sat down.

The "Liberty Boys" got their faces straight as soon as ssible, and then Dick said

"I will put the matter of accepting Patsy Brannigan and Carl Gookenspieler as members of our company to a vote. All in favor of it say I!"

"I!" in a rousing chorus.

"Contrary, no."

There was no sound.

"That settles it, and you two are now members of the company of 'Liberty Boys,'" said Dick.

"Hurroo!" yelled Patsy.

"I peen ofervlowing mit glatness!" cried Carl.

And from the looks on the faces of the "Liberty Boys," they were as well pleased as were Patsy and Carl.

CHAPTER IV.

A DANGEROUS EXPEDITION.

As may well be supposed, the "Liberty Boys" got lots of fun out of the two new members, and the afternoon was gone almost before they knew it.

While they were eating supper an orderly came and told Dick that Gen. Robert Howe—who was in command of the patriot forces at Savannah at that time—wished him to report at headquarters as soon as possible.

"Tell him I will be there in a few minutes," said Dick. "I am almost through eating."

"Very well, Captain Slater," and the orderly withdrew.

"Vas dot mans der Sheneral, vat?" asked Carl Gookenspieler, when the orderly had gone.

"Gineral who?" asked Patsy, with scorn in his tones.

"Oh, dot is him, eh? So dot vas Sheneral Who?"

"Oh, yez crazy loon, yez!" cried Patsy. "Thot wur not Gineral Who. Dhere is no such gineral in dhe arrumy."

"Vat is der sheneral's namen, den? It must pe Sheneral Ven, or is it Vitch?"

"Oh, yez are afther bein' hopelessly twisthed, Cookyspiller," declared Patsy. "Oi know phwat yez mane, though. Yez are thinkin' av Gineral Howe."

"Yah, dot is ride; dot is him—Sheneral How. Vas dot der sheneral vat vas in der room ould, shust now?"

The "Liberty Boys" were laughing, but Dick managed to explain to Carl that the man who was just in the room was only an orderly, and not a general, as he had supposed.

"Oh, I know vat it is, now," he cried, his face lighting up. "He is von orterly, und he geebs orter und makes der poys behave mit demsellufs, eh?"

"No, thot ain't it at all, at all, yez Dootch monkey, yez!" said Patsy. "Oi must say, Cookyspiller, thot yez know liss for dhe soize av yez dhan innny feller phwat Oi have iver run across, begorra. Thot mon phwat wur jhust here don't kape ordther at all, at all. He is the mon phwat gives the gineral ordthers, so he is."

"Oh, is dot it? Well, I am glat dot I have found dot ould, alretty. I vill make a goot soldier mit mineselluf, bretty sooness, I pet me mine life."

Then the "Liberty Boys" roared, and Carl hardly knew whether he had said something bright or the opposite; a grin overspread his countenance, however, and he laughed in his stolid Dutch fashion.

"Phativer are yez afther laughin' at, Dootchy?" asked Patsy.

"I haf made me some laughness pecos eferypoddy vas peen laughing," said Carl.

"Listhen to thot now. Phwy, dhe byes are all laughin' at yez, ye green punkin."

"Vell, I peen laughin' at dem, und don'd dot make us some evenness, eh?" Carl wanted to know, and this made the youths laugh even more.

Dick finished his supper, and went at once to headquarters.

Gen. Robert Howe greeted the youth pleasantly, and told him to be seated.

The youth took a seat and looked at the general inquiringly.

The officer was silent for a few minutes, and seemed pondering some question seriously. Presently he looked up, and said:

"Dick, I have sent for you to ask you if you are willing to undertake a dangerous expedition?"

"I am always willing to undertake anything which may be of benefit to the cause, sir," was the reply. "As for that, however, all you have to do is to order, and I will obey. That is my duty as a soldier."

"Yes, on the field of battle, and in camp; but this is different. When it comes to asking a soldier to go deep into the enemy's country, and by so doing literally take his life in his hands, I feel that the soldier should have something to say about it. It is a case where volunteers should be called for, rather than where orders should be given."

"As you please about that, sir. It remains that I am ready to attempt any expedition which you may wish me to undertake."

"I was sure you would say that; and that is the reason I sent for you. This being settled, I will tell you what I wish you to do."

The "Liberty Boy" bowed, and the general went on:

"I have been thinking, Dick, that it would be a great stroke if we could march down into Florida, to St. Augustine, and capture Prevost's army. After thinking over the matter seriously, I have decided to make the attempt, if, after you have been on the ground, you say to me that you think it feasible."

"Then you wish me to go down into Florida, and spy upon the British, and make careful observations of the lay of the land, and everything like that."

"I do, Dick. That is what I wish you to do; but if you think it is too danger——"

"Say no more on that score," said Dick, interrupting. "I have never yet seen anything that looked too dangerous when duty called. I am ready to start upon the trip into the enemy's country at once if you wish me to do so."

"I leave that to you, Dick; start whenever it is convenient for you to do so."

"I will go this very night, sir."

"Very good."

"It will take me but a very short time to get ready."

"Will you go alone, Dick, or will you take a comrade or two, to render you assistance in case you should get into trouble?"

The "Liberty Boy" was silent a few moments, and said:

"I was thinking that I would go alone, but after a while I believe it would be better for me to take a couple of comrades with me. Something might happen to me—I might get captured, and then they would perhaps be able to rescue me, or to rescue me. At any rate, they could at least return and tell you what had become of me."

"True; I think it will be wise to take at least two comrades along."

"I shall do so, sir; and now, are there any special instructions which you wish to give me?"

"No, Dick. You know what I wish to learn. Go ahead and secure the information in your own way. I would not wish to handicap you by instructing you, for something would likely come up that would make it an impossibility for you to go according to instructions. I leave everything to you to work out in your own way."

"Very well. I will do the best I can."

"I am sure of that."

After some further conversation Dick bade the general good-by, and returned to the quarters occupied by the "Liberty Boys."

As he approached the building he heard the sound of loud laughter, and knew that the youths were having so much fun at the expense of the two new recruits.

When Dick entered the large room where the youths were gathered, he found Patsy and Carl wrestling in the middle of the floor. They were straining and tugging at each other, and doing the best they could, and the comments which they gave utterance to were comical in the extreme, and furnished the "Liberty Boys" with plenty of amusement.

"There, that will do," cried Dick, somewhat sternly. "Break holds, you two, and sit down. We cannot have fighting or wrestling here in the house."

"Thin we'll go out av dures, begorra; come on, Dootchy from Patsy, whose Irish blood was up. "Come on, av dures, have innny backbone in yez; it's mesilf wull throw over dhe house, so Oi wull."

"I vill throw you der house ofer, you pig Irishman," retorted Carl. "You gan't vas make me afrait uf mesilf selluf py dose frightfulness remargs vat you make vat your mout!"

"Oh, g'wan, yez Dootch Fenian, yez!"

"Go along mit yourselluf, Batsy Prannigan."

"Shut oop yer tater-trap, Cookyspiller. Don't yez say thot dhe capthin is afther wantin' to say somethin'?" cried Patsy.

"You vas make more noisiness vat I haf make, und 's der trut'; so shut up yourselluf, und der gaptain haf no droublesomeness in sbeakin' vat he wants to y. ak."

The "Liberty Boys" managed to smother their laughter, and Dick was enabled to tell them that he was going to go an expedition down into Florida.

"Are we all going, Dick?" asked one.

The youth shook his head.

"No," he replied. "I am going to take only two comes, as we will wish to move rapidly and secretly, and very few can do this better than a large force."

"Oi wush thot we wur all goin' wid dhe capthin!" said le. sy.

"Und dot is der same t'ing vat I haf vished," from Carl.

The "Liberty Boys" were disappointed, but they never presumed to dictate to Dick, and so said nothing.

"Who is to go with you, Dick?" asked Bob.

"You and Mart."

"All right."

"And, Sam, you will be in command till I return."

"All right, Dick," from Sam Sanderson, the youth illressed.

The three at once began making preparations, and an ar later they rode out of Savannah and headed toward south.

They were now embarked upon what was destined to eve a most dangerous expedition.

CHAPTER V.

A DEADLY ENCOUNTER.

"Now, Dick, promise us that you will be careful."

"I'll be careful, Bob."

"You must be careful; it would be terrible if the red-ats were to capture you, for here we are, two hundred les from the patriot army's headquarters, and if we t into trouble we will have to work out our own salva-an."

"So we will. I understand that, Bob, and will be care-ll. I will not let the British capture me."

"See to it that you don't; for it would be a big task r Mart and I to rescue you."

"So it would. Well, I don't think it will be necessary r you to have to do anything of the kind."

"How long will you be gone?"

"Oh, six or seven hours, perhaps."

"Then you expect to be back some time to-night?"

"Yes."

"All right. I hope you may do so."

Several days had passed since the three "Liberty Boys," ick, Bob, and Mart, had ridden out of Savannah.

They had made good progress, having met with no ad-

ventures to delay them, and were now encamped in a strip of timber about two miles from St. Augustine, Florida.

They had been here half the afternoon, and now, after having eaten supper, Dick was making preparations to go to St. Augustine on a spying expedition.

Bob, fearing his comrade might get into trouble, had cautioned him.

When Dick's preparations were completed, he shook hands with his two friends, and bade them good-by.

"Good-by, and good luck to you," said Mart.

"And don't forget, and become careless," from Bob.

"No fear of that, Bob," with a smile.

Then Dick left the encampment and strode toward the road, which was perhaps one hundred yards distant.

It was growing gloomy, and by the time Dick had gone a quarter of a mile it was quite dark. The moon would soon be up, however, and then it would be lighter.

Onward Dick walked.

He walked rapidly, but was on the alert, nevertheless, for he realized that he was in the enemy's country, and that danger lurked on every side.

He was embarked upon a very dangerous expedition.

It was a daring undertaking for a patriot soldier to think of penetrating the lines of the British, but Dick Slater was equal to the task, if anyone was.

Onward he strode, and when he had gone a mile, the moon had risen and was flooding the country with a mellow light.

Under other circumstances Dick would have been impressed by the beauty of the scene, but now his mind was on other things.

He was thinking of the task that lay ahead of him.

In truth, his mind was too much on what lay in front of him; had it been partly on what lay behind him he would have been better off, for as he was walking along a dark form suddenly came running out from the edge of the timber that bordered the road, and the next instant Dick felt himself seized in strong hands.

"Surrender!" hissed a voice in the youth's ear. "You might as well surrender, for you are in my power."

The assailant had thrown his arms around Dick's form, and had encompassed his arms, also; and, indeed, it did seem as if the "Liberty Boy" was helpless.

Dick Slater, however, was an extraordinary youth.

This had been proved a hundred times since he had been in the patriot army.

And now he went to work to prove it again.

He had no intention of surrendering.

That was not his way of doing business.

He never surrendered while there was the least chance to make a successful fight.

So he promptly entered into a struggle with his assail-ant.

"You fool!" hissed the voice in Dick's ear, "what good will it do to struggle?"

"It will give me exercise," was the cool reply, "and it will force you to earn your victory if you secure it. If you

think that I will surrender at the command of any man you are mistaken."

"Idiot! You can do nothing; you are helpless."

"That remains to be seen."

The "Liberty Boy" was struggling fiercely now, and he gave his assailant so much to do that the fellow did not have time to do much more talking.

Dick, even though his arms were pinioned, jerked the man around and swung him from side to side, simply by swaying his body strongly, and it was all the fellow could do to keep Dick from getting his arms free.

"Fool!" the man hissed angrily. "Stop struggling, or it will be the worse for you."

But Dick paid no attention to him.

"I would be a fool if I were to stop struggling," he said, quietly. "Don't you worry. If you make a prisoner of me you will earn your victory."

"The harder you make me work the worse it will be for you."

"I'll risk that."

"You will wish you had not done so."

"You might as well save your breath; you can't intimidate me."

"I can at least make a prisoner of you."

"I am not at all certain of that."

"I am."

"You no doubt think you are, but that does not make it so."

"Bah!"

Then the stranger attempted to throw Dick to the ground, but in this he failed, for the youth was such a splendid wrestler, and was so hard to get off his feet that he was enabled to thwart his assailant's purpose.

"It isn't so easy as you thought, is it?" remarked Dick, calmly.

"No; but you will soon tire, and then I shall have no trouble in overpowering you."

"There is where you are making another mistake."

"Am I?"

"Yes; I never tire."

"Oh, don't you?" The tone betrayed the fact that the man did not believe this.

"I do not."

"What are you—an iron man?" sarcastically.

"Nearly that—in so far as staying powers are concerned."

"Bosh! You will tire as quickly as the next man."

"That depends on who the next man is."

"Bah! Will you surrender?"

"Never!"

"All right; you will simply make me angry, and the madder I get, the more dangerous I am."

"Are you really a very dangerous man?"

"People who know me best say that I am."

"That is interesting. Would you mind telling me who and what you are?"

"Why do you wish to know?"

"Oh, I simply have a curiosity to know who my assailant is, that is all."

"When I take you to the commandant at St. Augustine you will probably learn who I am."

"I fear I shall never have the pleasure of knowing, wait till then."

"You mean by that——"

"That you will never take me there."

"You will see!"

"And so will you. But why have you attacked me? do you think I am, anyway?"

"I have an idea who and what you are."

"What is that idea?"

"I believe that you are a rebel, and a spy!"

"Then you are——"

"A British soldier."

This was said proudly, as if the speaker thought great thing to be a soldier of the king.

"I supposed you were a British soldier," said Dick.

"Why did you?"

"Because you wasted so much breath boasting what were going to do. That is characteristic of the redcoats."

"Oh, is it?" in an angry voice.

"Yes; at least such has been my experience with the rebels."

"Well, you will find that in me you have found one who can do things, as well as talk about them."

"And you really think you can overpower me and make me a prisoner?"

"I do."

"Well, you are mistaken, and I am going to prove it to you."

"All right. Go ahead and do it."

"I will."

All the time Dick had been talking to his assailant he had been working toward a definite end. He wished to get himself in a certain position, and this done, he felt that he would be able to free himself.

At last he succeeded, and when he said "I will," he was all ready for the attempt.

He did not delay an instant. Suddenly he bent himself over forward with a quick, whipping motion, exerting his strength as he did so. His assailant was lifted clear off the ground; more, he was thrown clear over Dick's head, and with such force that his hold was broken. Dick was free!

As the man went flying over the "Liberty Boy's" head he gave vent to a cry of terror and surprise, and then fell struck on the ground, on his head, ten feet away, and lay motionless, where, after a few convulsive movements, he lay still.

"Jove, the shock of the impact knocked him senseless," said Dick to himself. "That is good."

He stepped forward, and kneeling by the man's side made a quick examination, at the end of which he rose on his feet, with an exclamation.

"Great Guns! the man is dead!" he cried. "The fellow broke his neck."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE BRITISH ENCAMPMENT.

It was true.

The man was dead.

He had struck on his head with such force that his neck was broken, and doubtless he was killed instantly.

He never knew what hurt him.

"I am sorry to have been the cause of his death," thought Dick, "but he brought it upon himself, and so I don't see it I am to blame. I could not submit to capture."

Then he took a look at the clothing worn by the dead man, and saw that it was the red uniform of the British soldier.

"He told the truth; he was a British soldier," said Dick to himself, and then he was struck by an idea.

What was to hinder him from donning the redcoat uniform and walking boldly into St. Augustine?

All he had to do was to remove the outer clothing from the dead man's form, and don it, and then to all appearances he would be a British soldier, and could go right into the town, unchallenged.

This would do away with one of the hardest things Dick had expected to have to do—that of getting into the British encampment—and would simplify matters greatly.

It was too good an opportunity to be lost, and Dick decided to make use of it.

He quickly divested the redcoat's form of the outer clothing, and then, doffing his own clothing, donned that which he had taken from the form of the dead man.

"Now to hide my own clothing and bury the dead soldier," thought Dick. "I will do that much for him, though doubtless he would not do as much for me if the situation is reversed."

The "Liberty Boy" had only a knife to dig with, but the earth was sandy and soft, and it did not take very long to dig a hole large enough to receive the body.

Having accomplished this, Dick rolled the body into the hole, and quickly covered it over.

"Now to hide my clothing," he murmured. "I will bury it again when I come back."

Gathering up his clothing, Dick hunted around and was not long in finding a hollow tree, into which he stuck the suit.

"It will be safe there," he murmured. "Now to reach St. Augustine as soon as possible."

Then he set out in the direction of the town.

* * * * *

"Hi, golly! Whut wuz dat?"

"A negro, who had been sweetly slumbering, curled up in the hollow tree in the depths of the Florida woods, was suddenly aroused by feeling something strike against his face.

He was terribly frightened.

Had he not been so terrified he would in all probability

have yelled at the top of his voice, and thus apprised Dick Slater of his presence within the hollow tree; but being so badly frightened that he could not speak at first, Dick had pushed the clothing into the opening and taken his departure before the colored man found his voice. And then it was to utter the words:

"Hi, golly! What wuz dat?"

The negro was a runaway slave.

He belonged on the plantation of a patriot, just across the St. Mary's River, in Georgia, and he had fled, and was making his way to St. Augustine, in the hope that he might be able to get to work for the British soldiers, as cook or something of that sort. He would, at any rate, be protected from his old master, and that would be considerable, he thought.

He rose to a sitting posture, and felt of the things that had struck him in the face and awakened him.

"Golly, uf hit ain't somebuddy's clo'es!" he muttered.

"Wonder who put dem in heah, ennyhow?"

Then he remembered that he had heard a human voice, just as he was awakening.

"Whut did de feller say, ennyway?" the negro asked himself. "I t'ink hit wuz sumfin' erbout gittin' ter St. 'Gustine ez soon ez posserble. Wonder who de feller wuz, ennyway? Mighty funny him stickin' ob him clo'es inter de holler tree. I doan' unnerstan' dat at all, I doan'."

He was silent a few moments, during which time he scratched his woolly head and thought as hard as he was capable of thinking.

"Well, whut yo' goin' ter do, Jim Lucky? Is yo' goin' ter 'cept ob dese heah clo'es whut some gem'man hab gibbed to yo', er is yer not?"

Jim scratched his head more energetically than ever, and finally said, half aloud:

"I guesses ez how I'll jes' take dese clo'es, arter all; de gemman, whoever he wuz, jes' natchully forced de clo'es onter me, he did; he stuck dem right inter mah face, he did, an' I t'ink hit would be onpolite foah me ter refoose ter 'cept ob dem. Yah, yah, yah! I'm much 'bliged ter yo', mister, I am, foah er fack."

Then Jim crawled out through the opening in the side of the tree, pulled the clothing through after him, tucked it under his arm, and made his way out to the road, and started in the direction of St. Augustine.

"Dat feller said he wuz goin' ter St. 'Gustine, uf I reemmember right," thought the negro, "an' I 'spects as how I'd bettah look out foah him. Uf I wuz ter ketch up wif him, an' he foun' me kerryin' his clo'es unner my ahm, den dere would be trubble, an' heaps ob hit, I'll bet!"

Thus reasoning, Jim slackened his speed, and walked quite slowly. He had no desire to overtake the owner of the clothes.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Dick was striding along at a good pace.

He felt confident that he could enter St. Augustine without difficulty now, and was eager to get there. The sooner he reached there and made his observations of the

defenses of the place the sooner he could come away again; and he knew Bob and Mart would be uneasy till he returned to the encampment.

"I do not expect to have any trouble, however, now that I have succeeded in securing a British uniform to wear," he said to himself. "That was a stroke of good luck for me—but a stroke of bad luck for the man who owned the uniform. Well, he was a soldier, and consequently could expect nothing else than that sooner or later he would meet with some such fate as overtook him. I doubt not I shall end my career in some such manner—though I hope not. I don't care much, so far as I, myself, am concerned, but for the sake of my mother and sister, and for the sake of Alice, my sweetheart Alice, I would prefer to live through the war and return to my home alive and well."

Then Dick brought himself up with a round turn.

"I must stop musing and attend strictly to business," he told himself. "I was off my guard awhile ago, or that redcoat could not have taken me by surprise and at such a disadvantage. I must leave that musing business till some time when I have nothing else to do."

Onward he strode, keeping a sharp lookout now in front, behind, and at both sides of him.

"The man who takes me unawares again will have to be a good one," thought the youth. "I cannot permit such a thing to occur twice in one night."

Presently he saw houses ahead, looming up in the moonlight.

"Now for it," he told himself. "I will encounter a sentinel before very long."

Sure enough, he had not much more than reached the edge of the town before the form of a sentinel suddenly loomed up in front of him.

"Halt!" cried a stern voice.

The "Liberty Boy" stopped.

"Who comes there?" was the next query.

"It is I—one of your comrades," returned Dick.

"Oh, is that you, Wentworth?" the sentinel asked.

"Yes," replied Dick.

"Did you see any sight of rebels anywhere this time?"

This told Dick that Wentworth was a scout, who had been out on a scouting expedition; and he doubted not that the man in question was the ill-fated one who had come to such an untimely end at Dick's hands, only half an hour or so before.

"No, I did not see any signs of the rebels," was the youth's muffled reply. "I don't believe they will venture down into this part of the country."

"Gen. Prevost seems to think they may do so."

"I know he does, but I think he is mistaken."

"I am of the same opinion; the rebels would be foolish to come away down here. They would get thrashed soundly, and those that we didn't kill or capture would be downed by yellow fever."

"Quite likely."

"Yes; there is not the least doubt regarding it."

"So I think. Well, I will go on in and make my report and go to bed."

The "Liberty Boy" walked boldly past the sentinel, managed to hold his face averted in such manner that the sentinel could not get a good view of it. The youth was afraid the fellow would detect the fact that it was Wentworth at all, in which event there would be trouble.

The sentinel did not see Dick's face, however, and evidently had no suspicion that the supposed British soldier was other than he seemed in the dim light.

The "Liberty Boy" drew a long breath of relief when he was safely past the sentinel.

"I am glad that is over," he said to himself. "I am sure I would get past all right, but it is rather straining on the nerves, nevertheless."

He walked onward with firm steps.

He was within the British lines, now, and felt that the hardest part of his undertaking had been accomplished.

Dressed in the British uniform, he could go where he chose without question, and he at once set out to make the rounds of the town and see the defenses, and size up the probabilities for making a success of an attack by a party force.

He walked down the street, passing scores of British soldiers, and no one paid any attention to him. He wore a uniform like their own, and they supposed he was one of their own men.

The next hour was a busy one for Dick. He walked around the town and took in everything. He was congratulating himself on his good fortune, and had begun to think of taking his departure, when he noted that there seemed to be considerable excitement among the redcoats about him.

There was a hurrying to and fro, and soldiers were seen hastening away toward the outskirts of the town.

"What is the trouble?" he asked of a soldier who happened to stop near where he was standing.

"Haven't you heard?" was the reply.

"No; what is it?"

"There is a rebel spy in the camp, and the general has ordered that a triple row of sentinels be stationed completely around the town, so as to prevent him from making his escape."

CHAPTER VII.

JIM LUCKY ARRIVES IN THE BRITISH CAMP.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Hi, golly, massa, hit's on'y me, Jim Lucky; so do go foah ter shoot at me wid dat gun ob your'n."

"Jim Lucky?"

"Yas, massa."

"You are a negro, aren't you?"

"Yes, massa; I'se er cullud man, I is."

Where did you come from?"

From up in Gawdgy, massa."

Humph. What are you doing down here?"

wants ter git ter work foah de British sojers, sah; whut I want."

You are a runaway slave, aren't you?"

Yes, massa; I done runned away frum er rebel man, and I knowed as how you British sojers would take keer olde."

Come up close, so I can get a look at you."

Jim Lucky—for he it was—came up close to the sentinel, and stopped.

What's that you have under your arm?"

Oh, dat? W'y, massa, dat is er suit ob clo'es whut er buddy foaced upon me, sah, w'en I wuz slumberin' in er holler tree two er t'ree miles frum heah, sah."

Clothes that somebody forced upon you while you were slumbering in a hollow tree, you say?"

Yes, massa."

What do you mean by that? You are talking foolishness, aren't you?"

No, sah; no foolishness erbout hit."

Tell me about it, then; tell me, so that I may understand it thoroughly."

All right, sah; I'll tell yo'. Yo' see, hit wuz dis way: I walked an' walked all day to-day, an' w'en night comed, I was tired an' sleepy, an' so I hunted up er holler tree, whut er on'y er little ways frum de road, sah, an' I crawled in er hit, an' went ter sleep."

Go on."

I doan' know how long I slep', sah, but all ob er sudden I wuz woked up by feelin' sumfin hit me in de face. Hit er hit me hard, an' I felt ob hit, an' foun' dat hit wuz er clo'es, sah."

Exactly; go on." There was eagerness in the sentinel's voice now.

Well, sah, I done heerd er man's voice say sumfin' ter goin' ter St. 'Gustine, nex' t'ing, arter which I heerd steps goin' 'way, froo de timber."

Ha! You heard the person who stuck the clothing into er hollow tree say something about going to St. Augustine, say?"

Yes, massa; 'deed I did, sah!"

It happened that the sentinel was an unusually shrewd fellow. He was a man who could put two and two together, and figure out that the sum of the two was four. He realized that this affair meant something, and it did not leave him long to decide just what it meant. A rebel had hidden the clothing in the hollow tree, with the intention of visiting St. Augustine and spying on the British!

It could mean nothing else.

And the sentinel thought he understood something else. He was sure, now, that the man who had passed him not long before, and whom he had supposed to be Wentworth, was no other than the rebel spy in question.

And in that case, what had become of Wentworth?

The sentinel feared that the soldier in question had been killed by the "rebel" spy.

"It was poor Wentworth's uniform that the spy had on," he told himself, "and this suit of clothes that the negro has is the one the spy was wearing."

He pondered a few moments, and came to a decision. The spy was in the encampment. He must be captured.

He must not be permitted to make his escape.

The sentinel was not long in deciding what he should do.

He turned to the negro, and said:

"Come along with me, Jim."

"Whar to, massa?"

"I want you to come with me to headquarters."

"Ter headquarters, yo' says?"

"Yes."

"Whut foah I go dar? Yo' hain't goin' foah ter make me some trubble, is yo'?"

"No, no; quite the contrary. I want you to go to General Prevost and tell him the same story you have told me."

"All right, sah; I'll do hit."

"Good. Come along. We must hurry."

They hastened down the street, going in the same direction Dick had gone not more than twenty minutes before. When they had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, the sentinel hailed a comrade, and giving him his gun, asked him to go back to the end of the street and stand guard till he returned.

"I have some important business with the general, at headquarters," he explained.

"Captured the nigger?" the other asked.

"No. He is the man who brought me some important information."

"What is it?"

"I haven't time to stop; hurry back, and keep a sharp lookout, and if any man tries to leave the encampment, don't let him do it."

"All right; I'll attend to it."

Then the sentinel and the negro hastened on, while the other soldier made his way toward the end of the street, to take his comrade's place.

Five minutes later the two were ushered into a house, and after a few moments of waiting were shown into a room which was occupied by a harsh-featured man wearing the uniform of a general in the British army.

"You wished to see me?" the general asked peevishly, staring at the negro in surprise, and with disapproval as well. "What is the negro doing in here?" he added.

Jim Lucky started toward the door, looking frightened, but the soldier caught him by the arm.

"Wait, Jim," he said. Then to Gen. Prevost—for it was the British commander—he went on: "This negro, sir, has told me a story which interested me greatly, and I think it will interest you as well."

"What is the story?" curtly. "I don't see what a negro like him could have to tell that would be of interest."

"Go ahead and tell the general what you told me, Jim," said the soldier.

"I kain't do hit, sah," said Jim, tremblingly. "I'se too bad scart, sah, an' dat's de trufe. I want'er git out ob heah."

"Wait; no one will hurt you. I will tell you the story myself, sir," and then the sentinel told Gen. Prevost what Jim had told him.

The face of the officer lighted up. He looked excited.

"Jove, this does seem to be important information, after all," he cried. "Here, Jim, let us see the clothes you have under your arm."

The negro obeyed, and watched the two with rolling eyes while they examined the clothing.

The suit that Dick had worn, and which was now being examined, was a simple one of homespun blue, such as was worn by farmers and settlers in rural districts everywhere.

"It is just such a suit as a spy would wear, in all likelihood," said the general.

"That is what I think, sir," agreed the soldier.

"And the chances are one hundred to one that the man who entered the encampment half an hour ago, and whom you thought to be Wentworth, was this spy in disguise."

"That is my opinion, sir."

"And do you suppose he murdered Wentworth?"

"Quite likely; you know Wentworth was a man not to be trifled with, and no rebel could have taken his uniform away from him if he were alive."

"I judge you are right. Well, we must not let the spy escape! He is in the camp at this very moment, and he must not be permitted to leave it."

"You are right, sir."

"I will order out a triple row of guards, who will form a chain around the town, and if anyone attempts to break through, he must be captured and brought before me."

"That is the best thing to do, I think, and I have no doubt that the rebel will be captured."

The two men forgot the negro, and rushed out of the room in haste, to give the orders. The colored man looked after them and shook his head.

"Yo' seems ter have caused some kerzitement, Jim Lucky," he muttered. "Well, I guess ez how I'll jes' git out ob dis, w'ile I hav de chance. I doan' lak de looks ob dat man wid der trimmin's onter his coat. He looks ter me as if he'd jes' ez soon kill er nigger as look at 'im."

Jim gathered up the suit of clothing, and slipped out of the room and house, and as the attention of everybody was attracted in another direction, he was not noticed, and so succeeded in getting away with the suit, unchallenged.

The alarm traveled through the encampment like wild-fire.

A spy was in the town!

He had killed Wentworth, one of the best scouts in the British army.

It was terrible, and the soldiers rushed to take places as sentinels at the edge of the town, to prevent escape of the spy.

As we have seen, Dick did not learn what was going on until it was too late to make his escape from the encampment.

The sentinels had already been stationed, and to get through their lines would only result in failure.

What, then, was he to do?

He walked slowly away from the man who had given him the information, and pondered the situation all the while.

Was there any chance for him to get safely out of the British camp?

If there was a chance, he could not see where it lay. It seemed to him that he would simply have to submit to capture.

This was contrary to his nature, however, and he decided not to do it. He made up his mind to make a desperate attempt to escape.

This would be better than to tamely submit to capture, for it would be learned that he had killed Wentworth, and death would be his portion, anyway.

So he might as well die fighting, if it came to that point.

CHAPTER VIII.

RUN TO EARTH.

The "Liberty Boy" moved slowly along.

He seemed to be careless, but he was watching closely.

He walked along, and presently, seeing a party of a dozen redcoats coming toward him, he turned a corner with the intention of going down a side-street, and thus avoiding meeting the party face to face.

As he turned the corner he bumped against someone.

The other person was walking quite rapidly, but got off worst of the impact, and sat down suddenly on the ground.

"Hi, golly! Whut dat I done bumped inter, I woud exclaim'd a voice unmistakably that of a negro.

As he fell, the fellow came into the light thrown by the scene by the moon, and Dick saw that it really was a negro.

"What do you mean by running into me in that way?" cried Dick.

"Whut I mean? I nevah runned inter yo', sah, but you runned inter me."

"I did not, you black rascal! But what is this you here?" picking up the clothing which Jim Lucky had dropped when he sat down. "Where did you get this clothing, you rascal? Did you steal it?"

"No, sah, I didn' steal hit, sah. I—I—foun' hit in er holler tree."

The "Liberty Boy" had thought at the first glance that the clothing looked familiar, and now he recognized it as his own suit; the statement of the negro to the effect that he had found the clothes in a hollow tree proved the matter beyond any doubt.

This discovery disturbed Dick not a little. Now, if he were to escape, and get out of the city, he would have to continue to wear the British uniform. But, then, he realized that that would not be so bad, after all, as the majority of the settlers in this part of the country were Tories.

"Found the clothing in a hollow tree, you say?" exclaimed Dick.

"Yes, sah."

"How far from here?"

"Bout free miles, I t'ink, sah."

"What direction?"

"No'th, massa."

"Humph! I thought so."

Of a sudden Jim Lucky recognized Dick's voice as being the same one he had heard when he was in the hollow tree, and he gave utterance to a wild yell.

"Heah's de rebbil spy! Heah's de rebbil spy!" he howled.

"Come a-runnin', ever'buddy, an' yo'll ketch 'im! He quick!"

Now, it happened that the party of redcoats that Dick sought to avoid by turning down the side street had been the cause of the collision between Dick and the negro, and had stopped to see how it would terminate, and when the negro cried out that "Heah's de rebbil spy!" they hastened forward.

The "Liberty Boy" heard them coming, and leaping over the negro's head, he dashed down the street at the top of his speed.

Instantly a great uproar ensued. The redcoats set up a shout, and started in pursuit.

"The spy! The spy!" was the cry, and soon it was heard in every direction.

The "Liberty Boy" realized that he was in great danger. He had been seen, and was now being pursued, and the chances of making his escape were few indeed.

Still, he would not give up without a struggle, and he pushed onward.

He kept to the dark streets as much as possible, where the moon did not light it up. In this way he hoped to escape for the time being, at least.

Suddenly he leaped a fence, and cut across a yard.

As he ran around the house his quick eyes saw that the cellar doors were open.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, he darted down the steps and into the cellar.

He hoped by this action to throw his pursuers off the scent.

His action had been seen, however, by no less a personage than the owner of the house, who stuck his head out of the window and yelled:

"He went down in the cellar! I saw him. He's in the cellar!"

Dick heard what the man said, and was on the point of rushing forth from the cellar and again trusting to his heels to get him out of the way of his enemies, when he saw men close at hand, and knew it would be useless to try to escape. He would have to remain where he was, and try to hide.

But could he hide?

He began searching around, and failed to find any place that seemed to offer him any chance for concealment.

The redcoats were drawing near the entrance, and the "Liberty Boy" realized that if he remained in the cellar a minute longer the enemy would be upon him.

At this moment his hands encountered the stairway which led up from the cellar to the kitchen, and he hastily ascended the steps.

When he reached the top he tried the door, but found it fastened.

He had expected this, however, so was not surprised.

He was not to be balked, either, and he threw his whole weight against the door, with the result that it gave way, and opened so quickly as to almost cause him to fall to the floor of the kitchen.

It was dark in the room, but he did not hesitate. He made his way across the floor, and felt for the door, which he was confident must be near at hand.

Soon he found it, and as he opened it and passed through into what was evidently a hall, he heard the voices of the redcoats below him.

The British soldiers were in the cellar, and would soon be upstairs, hot on his track.

Running swiftly along the hall, on tiptoes, Dick ascended the stairs which led to the second floor.

As he did so he heard footsteps in the hall below.

The redcoats were after him.

Dick ran along the hall as swiftly as possible, and when about midway of its length, a man, candle in hand, stepped out in front of him from a room at one side.

"That's the fellow that yelled and told the redcoats I was in the cellar," said Dick to himself, and then he dealt the man a blow between the eyes, knocking him down and extinguishing the light.

"Help! Murder!" howled the Tory. "I'm a dead man! I'm killed! Help! Help!"

Dick did not stop, but continued onward to the end of the hall. He was sure that he would find a stairway leading up to the attic there, and he was not mistaken.

The stairway was there, and Dick quickly ascended it and found himself in the attic.

The stairs leading to the attic were steep and narrow, and Dick felt confident that he could hold the redcoats at bay for quite a while.

Dick realized that it would be impossible for him to escape, but he felt that it would be a satisfaction to make the redcoats a lot of trouble, and he was determined to do this to the extent of his ability.

The voice of the owner of the house, as he gave utterance to exclamations and groans, came plainly to Dick's hearing, and presently the sound of footsteps and more voices was heard.

"What's the trouble here?" Dick heard a voice say. "Who are you, and what are you groaning and grumbling about?"

"I am the owner of this house, sir, and as regards what I am groaning and grumbling about, when a man is knocked down and run over in his own house by a desperate rebel, it is enough to make him groan and grumble, isn't it?"

"I should judge so. But where did the scoundrel go?"

"Up into the attic."

"Indeed! Is there any way for him to get out onto the roof of the house?"

"Yes, there is a trap door."

"So I supposed. Jerry, go downstairs and tell the boys to keep a sharp lookout in the direction of the roof of the house."

"All right." Then there was the sound of retreating footsteps.

"Come on, boys," said the voice of the man who was evidently the leader. "We'll see if we can persuade the rebel to surrender."

There was the trampling of feet sounding louder and louder the closer they came, and then Dick heard the door which opened upon the attic stairway rattle and creak. It was being opened.

Then a voice called out:

"Hello, up there!"

"Hello, yourself," replied Dick.

"Well, we have you treed."

"Have you?"

"Yes. I suppose you surrender?"

"You suppose wrong, then."

"Surely you are not going to be fool enough to try to resist?"

"Why should I not resist?"

"Because it will mean death if you do."

"It will mean death anyway if I surrender."

"Not necessarily."

"I think so, and I am not going to surrender."

"Again I say you will be very foolish if you resist. If you surrender peaceably you may be put to death, true; but if you resist, and kill and wound some of us, you are sure to be put to death."

"That's the way you look at it, is it?"

"Yes; and it is the correct way to look at it, too."

The "Liberty Boy" did not reply at once. He was thinking. He realized that the redcoat was speaking the truth. If he resisted and killed and wounded some of the redcoats it would make his doom a certainty, while if he were to surrender peaceably there might be a small chance for him to escape.

As the slimmest kind of a chance was better than none at

all, Dick decided to take the redcoat's advice, after all surrender.

"Well, what about it?" came up to him in the red voice. "What are you going to do?"

"I've decided that, after all, I will surrender."

"That's sensible. Come down and let's see what you like; here comes the old man with a candle."

Dick descended the stairs, and a few minutes later standing in the midst of his enemies.

CHAPTER IX.

A DARK OUTLOOK.

"You are rather a young man for a spy," remarked British spokesman, who wore the uniform of a lieutenant.

"I am not as old as I will be if I live twenty years longer," was Dick's cool reply.

"I suppose not," drily. "Well, we will take you to quarters and let the general take a look at you. I bind the prisoner's wrists."

A couple of the men quickly bound Dick's wrists with handkerchiefs, and then they led him away.

"I hope they will hang you, you rebel dog!" h the Tory owner of the house, as they started. His eye was swollen shut, where Dick had struck him the and it was, perhaps, only natural that he should feel toward the youth.

"And I hope to some day get the chance to give another such lick as the one I gave you, you Tory how was Dick's retort.

The man rushed forward and would have struck the oner, but the lieutenant interfered, pushing him back.

"Not so fast, my man," he said quietly. "This man is helpless, and is a prisoner in my charge. You shall touch him. If you wish to be revenged, and the general orders that the young man be shot or hung, you can and see it done."

"So I can, so I can. Ha, ha, ha! And I will come you rebel dog!—I will come!"

"Very well. Come if you like," replied Dick. "I'm I don't care."

Then they left the house, and made their way to the building occupied by Gen. Prevost as headquarters.

He was in when they reached there. The lieutenant followed by two soldiers, each holding on to one of his arms, marched into the general's room. When Prevost's eyes fell upon the prisoner he gave utterance to an expression of satisfaction, and rubbed his hands.

"Aha, you caught him, eh?" he cried.

"Yes, general," the lieutenant replied.

"Where did you find him?"

"We came across him on the street, and ran him to a house."

"Good!" Then the general turned a stern gaze upon Dick, who met it fearlessly.

"Young man, what is your name?"

The "Liberty Boy" was well aware that it would do no good to try to make the general think he was not a spy, so he made up his mind he would not tell who he really was, so he said, quietly:

"I must refuse to answer that question."

"Ah, you won't tell us your name?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"For reasons which to me seem sufficient."

"Very well. Suit yourself. It remains that you are a rebel spy, and that is all we care to know."

The "Liberty Boy" was silent, and after waiting a few moments Gen. Prevost went on:

"You do not deny being a spy?"

"I do not suppose it would be worth while denying it," was the calm reply. "You would not believe me."

The general nodded.

"You are right about that," he acknowledged. "We are positive that you are a rebel spy. The fact that we find you here in our encampment, masquerading in a British uniform, is proof of this."

"It might not be absolute proof of it, sir."

"I so consider it. And now I wish to ask you where you got that uniform?"

"That question I also refuse to answer."

"You won't tell where you got it, eh?"

"No."

"Then it remains for me to tell you. You murdered a British soldier, and took the uniform from his dead body!"

The prisoner shook his head.

"You are mistaken," he said. "I murdered no one."

"We have proof that you did. We know that you murdered one of our brave soldiers, removed his uniform, and hid it, after doffing your own, which you placed in a low tree. Is that not the truth?"

"There is no use for me to answer, as you would not believe me."

"A negro came into camp an hour ago, carrying your clothes, and it was through him that we learned that you were in the encampment. Now tell us about the killing of private Wentworth, and where his body may be found. There is no use trying to keep the facts from us."

The "Liberty Boy" hesitated a few moments, and then, reflecting that the telling of the story of his encounter with Wentworth could do no harm, and might do some good, he said:

"Very well; I will tell you the true story of the affair."

"Good. Do so."

"It was this way, sir: I was walking along the road, tending to my own business, when of a sudden someone sprang out from the timber at the roadside and seized me from behind. He threw his arms around me, pinioning me to my side. Then a struggle began. He called upon me to surrender, but I would not do so, and after we had

struggled a few minutes I managed to give him a toss, which threw him clear over my head, and he alighted on his head, and the result was that his neck was broken."

The "Liberty Boy" paused, and the men looked at him as if trying to see whether he had spoken the truth or not.

"You mean to say that you threw him over your head and broke his neck?" remarked Gen. Prevost.

"I do, sir. I had no desire to kill the man, nor any intention of doing so. It was an accident."

"Well, your story may be true; but no matter, the fact remains that you killed Wentworth, and that you are a rebel spy, and the penalty for that must be—death!"

The prisoner did not flinch or betray any signs of fear.

"I supposed that would be your decision," was the quiet reply.

The general was silent for a few moments, and then said:

"I shall not be hasty in this matter, but will give you a little time in which to prepare yourself for the long journey into the mystic bourne whence no traveler ever returns; so your execution will be put off till day after to-morrow at four o'clock."

"Thank you."

"Lieutenant, that negro. Where is he?"

"I don't know, sir."

"He had a suit of clothes—the ones this rebel doffed."

"We found the clothes, sir. One of my men has them outside."

"Very good. Take the prisoner to the guard-house, and remove the British uniform and make him don his own suit."

"Very well, sir."

"That is all. You may go."

The lieutenant and the two soldiers conducted Dick from the room and house, and to the guard-house, where he was taken to a room. His old suit of clothes was brought, and while the soldiers stood near, pistols in hand, Dick doffed the British uniform and donned his own clothing.

"There, I feel more comfortable," he said.

"I should think you would," said the lieutenant. "I do not see how you could have felt other than uncomfortable wearing the uniform of the man you killed."

"Oh, so far as that is concerned, that did not bother me at all."

"It did not?" in surprise.

"No. It was not that that made me feel uncomfortable. I killed the owner of the uniform, true, but I killed him accidentally, and in a struggle with him, which he brought upon me. Indeed, he did not give me a fair chance at all, and his death was the result of his own action in attacking me. I do not feel responsible for it at all."

"Of course, if you look at it in that light, it would not worry you."

"You are right; the reason I said I feel more comfortable was because I was wearing a British uniform, which always makes me feel uncomfortable."

"You don't like the British uniform, then?"

"Frankly, I do not."

"So I supposed. And you will like them still less before we get through with you rebels in this country."

"Perhaps so."

The soldiers now rebound Dick's arms, after which they left the room, locking the door behind them.

When they had gone, Dick rose and walked to the window and tried to look out. All was darkness outside. He could see nothing.

Then he turned away, and seated himself on the cot at one side.

He began pondering the situation.

It was a serious one, there could be no doubt regarding that.

He was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and it seemed that there was very little chance that he would be enabled to escape the fate that was awaiting him on the day after to-morrow.

There were Bob and Mart, of course; they might, and no doubt would, make an attempt to rescue him, but could they succeed?

It was doubtful—very doubtful.

However, Dick was not the youth to despair.

His was a hopeful nature, and as he would have almost two whole days in which to do something, he thought it possible that he might after all escape from the hands of the British.

"How I wish Bob and Mart could know of my capture without having to wait till morning to see if I return," he thought. "That would give them nearly twice as long a time in which to work as they will have otherwise."

This would indeed have been a very great advantage; but Dick did not see how it would be possible for them to know anything about his capture until the time had expired, and he had failed to return.

"I shall have to make the best of the situation," he told himself. "It is indeed lucky for me that Gen. Prevost did not name to-morrow as the time for the execution. Had he done so the boys would have had scarcely any chance at all to rescue their comrade."

Then Dick thought that it might be possible for him to do something himself; that he might possibly escape.

He began working to free his arms, but found it difficult work. They were bound very securely, and after working for two hours, Dick found he had not succeeded in loosening his bonds a particle.

"I guess it is useless for me to try to free my arms," he said to himself, finally. "I will simply exhaust myself, without serving any good purpose."

So he made no further effort in this direction, but gave himself up to reflection.

He could not see much in the situation to give him encouragement. His case seemed to be hopeless.

"I won't give up all hope, however," he told himself. "I have been in dangerous situations before, and escaped, and I may be able to do so again."

Then he threw himself down upon the cot, and made

himself as comfortable as possible. He would get some sleep and thus keep himself in shape for work, when time should come.

CHAPTER X.

JIM DOES BOB AND MART A GOOD TURN.

"Hi, golly! I guess dis nigger bettah be gittin' ef frum heah! De furst t'ing I know some ob dem sojer 'll shoot me, dat's whut dey'll do! Yes, I'll jes' git ef frum heah in er hurry!"

It was Jim Lucky. He had scrambled to his feet when the soldiers had passed him, to go in pursuit of Slater, and having given utterance to the above words, he darted up the street at the top of his speed. He did not stop to get the suit of clothes he had been carrying when he bumped against Dick, but left it lying where it had fallen.

Jim hardly knew why he was running. He was really in any danger, but he had become demoralized by the events of the evening, and had become possessed by a sudden overpowering fear, and the result was that he was running to his heels.

The farther he ran the more demoralized and frightened he became, and when a couple of soldiers caught sight of him and yelled at him to stop, he only increased his speed till he was going at a rate that would have put a greyhound to his best work in order to keep pace with him.

"Stop!" roared the soldiers. "Stop, or we will shoot!"

This, of course, instead of bringing the frightened runner to a stop, only added a bit more to the speed with which he was annihilating space.

"Not much I won't stop!" muttered Jim. "Dey's sers'd shoot me ennyhow, an' I mought ez well keep on runnin'."

"It's the spy!" cried one of the redcoats.

"Yes, it's the spy, blacked up like a negro!" from another.

"Let's give him a couple of shots."

"All right."

Crack! crack!

One of the bullets hit Jim in the arm, inflicting a serious wound, and a wild yell of terror went up from his lips.

"I'm er daid man!" he cried. "Dey've done killed me, dey've shot me full ob holes!"

But notwithstanding the fact that he imagined he was as good as dead, Jim kept on running.

He increased his speed, if anything.

The two soldiers set out in pursuit, yelling for the runner to stop, but they might as well have talked to the wind. Jim had no intention of stopping.

Onward he dashed, and the soldiers very quickly saw that they could not overtake him, and stopped.

That fellow can run faster than any man I ever saw," one.

So he can. He is fairly flying."

Well, the boys will stop him when he gets to the edge of encampment."

Yes, so they will."

Then the two turned back.

But Jim did not slacken speed a particle.

He kept right on going.

The truth of the matter was that he did not know the two stopped, and imagined they might be right at his heels. This, of course, tended to keep him keyed up to the highest tension, and he kept on running as fast as ever.

Presently he approached the edge of the encampment.

It happened that the sentinels did not see him coming.

Their attention had been attracted by something over the side from where they stood, and Jim had leaped past them and was increasing the space between them and himself at an amazing rate before they saw him.

Of course they thought he was the escaping spy.

It could be no one else, they were confident.

The knowledge that they had neglected their duty to such an extent as to permit him to get past them unchallenged was mortifying; more, it angered them, and they resolved to the fugitive to stop, at the same time setting out in pursuit.

But Jim did not stop.

A stone wall in front of him would hardly have stopped him at that time.

The one predominating thought in his mind was to run—run. And run he did, at the very best speed of which he was capable.

Seeing the fugitive had no intention of obeying their commands to stop, the redcoats became more angry than ever, and the leader cried out:

Fire, men! We must not let him escape!"

The men stopped instantly.

Up the muskets came, to the shoulders, and then crash—crash! the volley rang out.

The bullets whistled all around Jim, and two inflicted slight flesh wounds, which frightened Jim much more than they hurt him.

He gave utterance to a wild yell of pain and terror, but kept right on running.

"Dat ends hit!" he howled. "I'm er daid man! Dey've kilt me, I knows dey have. I'se er daid nigger, dat's jes' what I is!"

"Stop!" roared the redcoats, and again they started in pursuit.

They might as well have tried to catch the wind, however. Jim was really a speedy runner, and fear lent him wings, so that it would have had to be men a great deal speedier than were the clumsy British soldiers to have overtaken the fugitive.

They soon lost sight of Jim, even, in the darkness, and feeling that it was useless to try to follow him, they stopped and turned back.

Jim kept on running for perhaps five minutes longer, and then stopped and listened.

He could hear no sound to indicate that he was being followed.

"Hi, golly. I guess I done made mah escaip, arter all," he panted. "I guess I got erway, but whut ob hit; I'm er daid man, ennyhow. I'm shot full ob holes by de bullets frum deir guns! I guess hit's all up wid yo,' Jim Lucky."

Not knowing what else to do, Jim walked onward.

He was afraid to stop and sit down, for fear he might never be able to get up again—for he was confident that he was mortally wounded.

He would keep on walking as long as he was able, and it might be possible that he would come to a house, where he could receive some aid and comfort before dying.

So he walked onward, at a good pace, and had gone perhaps half a mile, when of a sudden two men leaped out in the road in front of him.

"Halt!" cried one. "Who are you, and where are you going?"

The moon, which had been under a cloud for nearly an hour past, had just emerged from its hiding-place, and it lighted up everything quite plainly, and enabled the two men—who were no other than Bob and Mart, indeed—to see that the man they had halted was a negro.

"Ah, foah de good land's sake!—I'se a daid nigger, now, foah suah!" gasped Jim.

He had run till he was almost exhausted, and so he decided that he could not run any more.

He was mortally wounded, anyway, he thought, so he might as well stand his ground and die here as well as to try to make his escape, and die alone in the woods.

"Who are you?" asked Bob, as he and Mart approached closer.

"Yo' wants ter know who I is?"

"Yes."

"I'se er daid nigger, dat's who I is! I'se done be'n shot full ob holes by de redcoats, dat's whut I hab."

"How did it happen?"

"I dunno hardly how hit did happen, massas. Yo' see, I wuz sleepin' in er holler tree not fur frum heah, erbout two hours ergo, er mebbly not dat long, w'en sumbuddy stuck some clo'se inter de tree, right erg'in mah face; den he said sumpin erbout goin' ter St. 'Gustine, an' went er-way."

"I'll bet that was Dick," said Bob, and Mart replied:

"It must have been."

"Go on," said Bob. "What did you do?"

"Well, sah, I t'ought ez how't ez de man had be'n so kin' ez ter gib me de clo'es, I'd 'cept dem, an' so I tuck dem, an' sot out foah St. 'Gustine."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Well, I got dere, an' de man at de aidge ob de town he made me tell 'im 'bout de clo'es, an' w'en I had done tole 'im, he made me go ter de gin'ral, at haidquarters, wid him, an' tell de gin'ral de story, an' I done hit."

"Ha! Go on!"

Bob and Mart were both very greatly excited now, for they began to suspect that this negro had unwittingly been the means of getting Dick into trouble.

"All right, sah. Yo' see, ez soon ez de gin'ral done heerd tell ob whut I had ter say, an' ez soon ez he saw de clo'es, he said right erway dat dey mus' be er rebbil spy in de camp."

"Go on!" from Bob and Mart in unison.

"Well, den dey rushed out ob de room, ter giv' orders foah er big lot ob sojers ter go ter de aidge ob de town an' stan' gyard, an' keep de spy frum gittin' out."

"I see; go on. The soldiers did this, you say?"

"Yes, sah; de sojers went to de aidge ob de town an' stood gyard, while udders begun ter look foah de spy in de town."

"Exactly. Go on."

"I didn' wanter stay in de haidquarters, an' so I tuck de clo'es, an' went out de house, and down de street, an' I hedn't gone very fah befoah I runned inter er man, jes' ez I wuz turnin' er corner, an' ez soon ez I heerd his voice I knowed he wuz de same feller whut I heerd say sumfin w'en he put de clo'es inter de holler tree, an' so I ups an' yells, 'Heah's de rebbil spy!'"

"You did, eh!" exclaimed Bob, so savagely that the negro was startled; "but go on."

"Well, de rebbil spy, he done jump right ovah mah haid, an' run like de dickens, an' arter 'im went 'bout forty-leben sojers, an' dat's all I knows erbout dat. I s'pose dey done ketch 'im, dough."

"Quite likely."

"An' den I made up mah min' dat I'd git erway frum dar, an' so I runned like de dickens, but some ob de red-coats shot at me, an' w'en I got ter de aidge ob de town some moah ob dem shot me, an' heah I is, full ob holes, an' as good as daid."

"Let me see how badly wounded you are," said Bob. "We will do that much for you for bringing us the information that you have."

The moon gave enough light for the purpose, and Bob soon discovered that the negro was not seriously wounded.

"You are not in the least danger of dying. What is your name, anyway?"

"Jim Lucky, sah."

"Well, Jim, you are only slightly wounded, and are worth a dozen dead men yet. You are all right, and need not be worried at all."

"Are yo' shuah ob dat, sah?"

"Quite sure."

"Hi, golly; den I'm goin' ter hunt up de holler tree an' go ter sleep, foah I'm mighty tired an' sleepy."

"All right; good-by, Jim."

"Good-night, massas."

The negro entered the timber at the roadside, and quickly disappeared from view, and the two "Liberty Boys" turned and looked soberly into each other's eyes.

"Dick is a prisoner in the hands of the British, Mart!" said Bob, sadly.

"Yes, and we must rescue him, Bob!"

"We'll do it, Mart, or die trying!"

"We will, that!"

Then the two clasped hands to seal the compact.

CHAPTER XI.

WAYS AND MEANS.

Having decided that they would make the attempt to rescue Dick—who, they were confident, was a prisoner in the hands of the British—Bob and Mart began discussing ways and means.

How was it to be done?

They realized that it would be a hard thing to accomplish.

They were sure the British would be wide awake and alert, now that they had caught one "rebel," and this would make it a matter of extreme difficulty for them to enter the town of St. Augustine.

After discussing the matter for some time, the two decided that it would likely be impossible to slip into the town without being seen.

It would also be almost equivalent to delivering themselves into the enemy's hands if they were to try to enter boldly, for they would be unable to explain their presence satisfactorily.

Then what were they to do?

After pondering the matter for half an hour, Bob was struck by an idea.

The idea was that one of the two should don a woman's dress, and thus disguised, enter the town of St. Augustine and make an attempt to rescue Dick.

But where were they to procure the dress?

They decided, after talking the matter over, that it might be possible to procure a dress at some farmhouse, and they remembered that there was a farmhouse about half a mile distant.

"Come," said Bob; "we will go to the farmhouse in question and see if we can secure a woman's dress."

"Why not get two dresses and both of us go, Bob?"

"For the reason that we must not take chances of all three being made prisoners, Mart."

"I see."

"One of us must stay outside, so as to carry the news of the capture of the others to Savannah, if it comes to that."

"I judge that will be best."

"Yes; and I think one will be able to do as much as both could do if we entered British encampment."

"Quite likely."

They were walking along the road as they talked, and a few minutes later they arrived at the farmhouse.

To their delight, they saw a light shining through the window, and this was evidence that some of the members

the family were still up. They had feared that all would be in bed.

Stepping up to the front door, Bob knocked.

Almost immediately there sounded footsteps within, and then the door opened.

The person revealed to the sight of the youths was a girl of perhaps seventeen years.

"Good-evening, miss," said Bob. "Is your father at home?"

"No, sir; he is not at home," was the reply.

"When will he be home?"

"I don't know, sir. He went to St. Augustine this afternoon. He may come soon."

Bob hesitated.

"May we come in?" he asked, presently.

"Wait just a moment," was the reply. "I will call you."

She lifted up her voice, and called. Almost at once a connecting door opened, and a woman entered from the next room.

"What is it, Helen?" the woman asked. Then her eyes fell upon the two youths, and she exclaimed: "Who have you there, daughter?"

"I don't know, mother. They asked if they might come in, and I told them I would ask you."

"What is it you wish, young gentlemen?" the woman asked, in a not unkindly voice.

Bob had been studying the faces of the girl and her mother, and he decided that they were good-hearted and kindly people. "I believe I will state the case to them, and ask them to aid us by letting us have a dress," thought Bob. Aloud he said:

"I will tell you what we want, madam. It is that you will lend or sell us one of your dresses and a bonnet!"

"Lend or sell you one of my bonnets and a dress!" almost gasped the woman, while the girl stared at the speaker in amazement.

"Yes, madam."

"Why do you wish the dress?"

"I will be frank with you, lady, and say that one of us wishes to put them on as a disguise, so as to be enabled to enter St. Augustine."

"Ah, I understand," said the woman, "you are patriots, and wish to enter and spy upon the British!"

"Not exactly that, lady; we are patriots, true, but we have another reason for wishing to enter the town. A comrade of ours, who has already entered, has been captured, and we wish to rescue him."

"So that is it, is it?"

"Yes, madam; of course, I do not know which side has our sympathies, but I hope that, leaving this matter out of it, you will be willing to aid us, for humanity's sake. I do not think you would wish to be a party to causing the death of a young man, through refusing to aid us to the extent of letting us have an old dress and an old hat."

"You are right; I would not. Then, too, while my hus-

band is a king's man, myself and daughter are patriots, and we will be glad to aid you."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Bob. "That is kind of you."

"You are more than welcome. Come in, sirs."

The youths entered, and the girl closed the door.

"Be seated," the woman said, "and I will bring a couple of my hats and dresses and let you take your choice."

"Very well; any old things will do; just so it will serve as a disguise is all that is necessary."

The woman hastened out of the room, and was gone perhaps five minutes, when she returned, bringing two hats and dresses, which she handed to Bob, with the remark that he could take his choice.

He picked upon one hat and dress, and handed the others back.

Then he looked at Mart inquiringly.

"Which one of us is to go, Mart?" he asked.

"That is for you to say, Bob."

"Well, I did think that I would go, but, after all, on second thought, I believe I shall let you go. I feel confident that is what Dick would wish me to do; he has always said that if anything should happen to him he wished me to take command of the 'Liberty Boys,' and so I am willing to let you go. If, however, you do not care to go, on account of the danger, then I will go."

"I would like to go, Bob. I don't mind the danger."

"I didn't think you would mind it, Mart."

"No. Well, give me the things, and I will go and put them on."

Bob handed him the dress and hat.

"You can go into that room, yonder, and put them on," said the woman, pointing to the room she had gone into when she got the dresses.

Mart bowed, thanked her, and entered the room and closed the door. There was a lighted candle in the room, so he would be able to see what he was about.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the woman, addressing Bob.

"My name is Bob Estabrook, madam, and that of my comrade is Mart Millard."

"And the young man who has been captured by the British?"

"Is Dick Slater."

The woman uttered an exclamation.

"Dick Slater, you say?" she cried.

"Yes, lady."

"I have heard of him. He has made a great name for himself as a scout and spy."

"Indeed he has."

"He is the captain of a company of young men who are known as 'The Liberty Boys of '76,' is he not?"

"Yes, lady; we two are members of the company."

The girl looked at Bob eagerly, and with a look of interest in her eyes. It was evident that she was much impressed by the appearance of the two stranger youths.

"What is your name, lady?" asked Bob, after a brief silence.

"Morris, sir. My husband's name is John."

"I am glad that you differ with your husband in your views on the subject of the war."

"And so am I, Mr. Estabrook. I cannot understand how anyone can wish to remain under the rule of a man who is three thousand miles away, and who never even so much as sets his foot on our hemisphere."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Morris, in that I do not see how anyone can favor the king's side in the question at issue."

Presently Mart emerged from the room, wearing the woman's hat and dress. He did not make a very graceful-looking woman, but at night he might pass muster.

"Don't laugh at me," said Mart, with a somewhat sheepish expression on his face, and with a sidelong glance at Helen Morris.

"We won't laugh at you, Mr. Millard," said the woman.

"I think you are a very presentable-looking woman."

"Yes, indeed," said Helen, but there was a mischievous look in her eyes as she said it.

"Well, the main thing is that it shall enable me to get through the British lines and into St. Augustine," said Mart. "If it will do that I shall be able to endure being laughed at."

"How much do we owe you for the things, Mrs. Morris?" asked Bob. "Or will you just lend it to us?"

"You are welcome to the use of it. I would not think of letting you pay for it."

"Thank you, Mrs. Morris."

At this instant the sound of wheels was heard, and Helen exclaimed in a frightened voice:

"Father has come!"

"You are right, Helen," said her mother, "and I think that it will be best that you two gentlemen do not let him see you, or know that you have been here. He might take it into his head to return to St. Augustine and spoil your plans."

"Your suggestion is a good one, I am sure," said Bob. "We will slip out and away without letting him see us, if possible."

"He is driving around to the stable at the rear of the house," said Helen, "and you can slip out at the front door, and get away without being seen, I am sure."

"Very well, and thank you, Mrs. Morris and Helen. We will say good-night, but we hope to see you again."

"And we hope you may be able to rescue your comrade."

"Yes, indeed," from Helen.

Then they went out through the front doorway and made their way out to the road, and up it in the direction of St. Augustine.

CHAPTER XII.

DARING WORK BY MART MILLARD.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"A woman, Mister Soldier; only a lone woman, so don't shoot, please."

"Ha, a woman? Come closer, and explain who you are and why you are here, alone, at this time of the night."

Mart Millard had arrived at the edge of the town of St. Augustine, and had been challenged by the sentinel. Now, on being commanded to come forward, he obeyed. As it was quite dark, the moon being obscured by a cloud, and as he wore a poke-bonnet in addition to the woman's dress, he hoped to be able to deceive the sentinel.

When he was almost up to the soldier, he paused.

"Now, who are you?" the man asked.

"My name is Lucy Miggins."

"Humph. Where do you live?"

"Here in St. Augustine."

"Where have you been?"

"I have been visiting at the home of my sister, who lives two miles out in the country."

"What kept you there so late?"

"The sickness of my little nephew; I stayed late to help nurse him."

"All right," gruffly. "Go on—but don't stay out so late another time."

"Very well, I won't, sir. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Mart passed the sentinel in the gloom, and walked onward at a sober pace, till out of sight of the man, and then he increased his pace.

He was not long in reaching the heart of the town, and he turned down a side-street, for he saw there was a large crowd gathered in the open square in the center of the town.

He managed to get close enough to the crowd so that he could hear some of the conversation, and easily made out that the capture of a "rebel" spy was the topic being discussed.

"That settles it," Mart told himself. "Dick is a prisoner, sure enough. And I must learn where he is confined, first, and then consider ways and means for rescuing him."

To this end Mart listened intently to the conversation of the men who were nearest him.

He was fortunate, for presently he heard one of the red-coats say:

"I am going to walk over to the jail, and see if everything is all right there."

"I'll keep you in view, my friend," thought Mart, and he did so.

He followed the man, keeping at a distance which did not cause him to risk being seen, and presently he saw the man stop and talk for a few minutes with a sentinel who stood in front of a stoutly-built building.

"That is the jail," thought Mart.

He managed to get close enough to hear some of the conversation between the two, and learned that he was right; that the prisoner was confined in the building, in one of the upstairs rooms, in fact.

Presently the man who had been so kind as to lead Mart to the place went back to the public square, and the "Liberty Boy" eyed the sentinel speculatively, and won-

considered if he could not make a prisoner of the fellow and enter the building.

Mart took in the situation. He saw that the end of the sentinel's beat came almost to where he was concealed, and drawing a pistol from his belt, he took hold of it by the muzzle, and waited till the man should come his way.

He did not have long to wait. The sentinel came pacing slowly toward where the "Liberty Boy" was concealed, and when within ten feet of the spot, passed and turned to go back.

This was the opportunity Mart was waiting for, and he took advantage of it. He leaped forward noiselessly, and the instant he was within reach of the sentinel, struck him a blow on the head with the butt of the pistol.

With a gurgling cry the soldier sank to the ground, and lay still.

Mart had knocked the man senseless.

The "Liberty Boy" glanced around, and seeing no one anywhere near, he hastened to the door of the jail, and tried

It was locked.

Running back, he felt in the pockets of the senseless soldier.

He found a large key, which he felt certain was that which would unlock the door.

He hastened to the door, and inserted the key in the lock.

It fitted perfectly, and when he gave it a twist to the right he heard a clicking sound, as of a bolt shooting back. Then he tried the door, and it opened to his touch.

He pushed the door wide open, and looked in. There was no one in sight. Evidently it was considered that the sentinel on the outside was a sufficient guard, without having any inside, in the hallway.

Then he ran to where the insensible form of the redcoat lay, lifted it, and carried it into the jail, and closing the door, bolted it.

He drew a long breath of relief.

He was now inside the building where his comrade, Dick, was, and the next thing was to try to rescue him.

He looked at the insensible soldier.

"I'm afraid he may come to, and make me trouble before I can get through with my work," thought Mart, and so he quickly bound the man's hands with his own handkerchief, fastened his ankles securely with his belt, and tied a handkerchief over his mouth, so as to make it impossible for him to make an outcry, should he regain consciousness.

Then he lifted the man's form and carried it along the hallway, till he came to a door. He tried the door, and it opened.

Mart listened, and hearing no sound to indicate that the room was occupied, he carried the sentinel into the room, and deposited him on the floor. This done, he stole out, pulled the door to, and made his way onward to where a stairway led to the second floor.

A lighted candle, in a candle-stick fastened to the wall,

gave sufficient light for Mart's purpose, and he had no trouble in making his way along.

He ascended the stairs, making just as little noise as possible, and found another hall stretching away in front of him. A single candle burned here, as in the hall below, and Mart moved slowly along, looking at the doors undecidedly; and wondering in which room his comrade was confined.

Suddenly he noticed something which gave him a thrill of delight. In a keyhole was a key. He had forgotten that the doors of the rooms would be locked, and had not thought about the keys until he saw them in the keyholes.

"That will simplify matters for me," he thought. "I will go to the farther end of the hall to begin, and will unlock each door and enter and keep on searching till I find Dick."

He went to the end of the hall, and unlocked the door of the room there, and entered.

As luck would have it he had struck the room Dick was confined in, the very first thing, and by the aid of the light from the hall he saw and recognized his comrade, who heard Mart, and sat up on the cot, and looked at him inquiringly and wonderingly.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Sh! It is I—Mart Millard," was the reply, in a whisper.

"Great Guns! it is, for a fact!" said Dick, in a cautious voice. "How in the world did you get in here, and where did you get that disguise?"

"That will be explained later, Dick. Now we must hasten to get away from here."

"You are right about that, and I shall be only too glad to get away. Unbind my arms, and I will be ready to go."

Mart lost no time in complying, and in another minute Dick was free, so far as bonds were concerned.

"Now to get out of here," he breathed. "You take the lead, Mart, as you know the lay of the land, and have a better understanding of the situation than I have."

"Very well. Come along."

Mart led the way out into the hall, Dick following, and they walked along on tiptoe, so as to make as little noise as possible. They were soon at the head of the stairs, and here they paused, and looked down, to see if the coast was clear. So far as they could make out, such was the case, and they descended.

They made their way along the hall until they came to the door of the room in which the unconscious sentinel had been placed. They paused here a few moments, and a groan was heard from the room.

"He has probably recovered consciousness," whispered Mart; "but I gagged him, and he will be unable to give the alarm."

"Who is it—the jailor?"

"No, the sentinel who was on guard outside. But come, we will see if the coast is clear, so we can make a break for liberty."

They moved onward to the door which opened to the

outer world, and unbolting it, Mart opened it a few inches and looked out.

He could see no one near, nor did he hear any noise to indicate the presence of anyone in the vicinity.

"I guess we had better go, at once, Dick," he whispered.

"The coast seems to be clear."

"All right; you go ahead, and I will keep at your heels."

Mart opened the door wide enough to permit the passage of his body, and then stepped out of doors, Dick following closely.

He pulled the door shut behind him, and then the two stole away, heading toward the north, as that was the direction in which they wished to go.

They traversed two or three blocks, and thought they were going to succeed in making their escape, when suddenly, on turning a corner, they came face to face with four redcoats.

The moon was shining brightly, now, and the soldiers uttered exclamations, as they saw the youth and the supposed woman.

"Hello, what have we here?"

"Where are you going?"

"And who are you, anyway?"

"We are on our way to our home," replied Dick, in a hoarse voice, assumed for the occasion. "We have been visiting a neighbor."

"Well, I must say, you remained pretty late at your neighbor's home," said one of the soldiers.

"Oh, it is only about eleven o'clock," said Dick.

"Well, that's pretty late for people to be out."

"We did not know it was against the rules to stay out as late as this; had we known it we would not have done so."

"Seems to me I've heard that voice before, somewhere," said one, and he took a couple of steps forward and peered into Dick's face.

The "Liberty Boy" feared detection was at hand, and kept his head at such an angle as kept the moon from shining on his face; but the redcoat, with a sudden motion, jerked the hat up, and revealed Dick's face.

Instantly a cry went up from all four:

"It's the spy!"

CHAPTER XIII.

BOB IS WOUNDED.

The time had come for action.

Dick Slater had been recognized; it would soon be known throughout the encampment that the prisoner had escaped, and there would be instant pursuit.

Then, too, here were four redcoats confronting the two odds of two to one.

The "Liberty Boys" were not slow to act.

They had been in such situations before.

Instantly they leaped forward, and struck out lustily.

In less time than it takes to tell it, they had knocked the four soldiers down, and were running in the direction of the edge of the town at the top of their speed.

The redcoats leaped up quickly, however, and began shouting at the top of their voices.

"The rebel! The spy!" they cried. "He is escaping!"

Then they set out in pursuit, yelling for the two to stop.

Of course they simply wasted their breath in so doing.

The "Liberty Boys" had no intention of stopping.

They continued to run at the top of their speed.

Onward they dashed.

Mart was hindered, however, by the skirts of his dress. He was not used to such a garment, and could not do himself justice when it came to running.

They made very good speed, however, and soon were close to the edge of the encampment.

It happened that there was a cloud obscuring the moon, and they were not seen till they were almost up to the sentinel.

He yelled to them to halt, and as they did not do so, he fired a shot from his musket, just missing Dick.

The next instant the two were upon him, and Mart dealt him a blow on the head with the butt of his pistol, knocking him senseless.

Then they continued their flight.

It was lucky for the two that the triple row of sentinels had been withdrawn as soon as it was learned that the rebel spy was a prisoner; otherwise they would have been unable to get through the lines, and out of the town.

As it was, they succeeded, but found that they were not by any means out of danger.

There was a whooping, yelling body of soldiers on their track.

The yells of the four redcoats who had been knocked down by Dick and Bob had quickly aroused the encampment, and it was now in an uproar, and a hundred soldiers at least were in pursuit of the fugitives.

The youths, feeling that they must find cover at the earliest possible moment, turned toward the west, where they would find timber within half a mile of the town.

As they turned a figure leaped up from the roadside, and joined them. The person was none other than Bob Esbrook, who was waiting to see whether or not Mart would succeed in freeing their comrade.

When he saw that Dick was free, he was delighted.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "I'm glad to see you, Dick, old man!"

"And I'm glad to see you again, Bob!"

"But we're not out of the woods yet!" from Mart.

"No," agreed Dick. "We are going to have a close call, but we succeed in making our escape at all."

Onward they ran.

They could not make as good headway as they would have liked to have made, owing to the fact that Mart could not run as fast as he was ordinarily able to run, owing to the bother from the skirt of the dress, which flapped around

his thighs, threatening to cause him to fall, as he held it up to free his legs.

It was soon evident that the redcoats were gaining.

Presently the three heard their pursuers calling to them to stop.

"Halt!" was the cry. "Stop, or we will shoot you down!"

Of course the youths did not stop.

They kept right on running.

"You get in front and run just as fast as you can, Mart," said Dick, "and Bob and I will keep right at your heels."

"All right," and Mart obeyed.

A few moments later they heard the crack, crack! of muskets, and then bullets zipped all around them.

Neither of the three youths was injured, however, and they kept right on going.

They were almost to the edge of the timber now, and they hoped to be able to give the enemy the slip, once they were well in among the trees.

"Stop!" again came to their hearing, in a roar from the tops of their pursuers. "Stop, or we will shoot to kill."

The "Liberty Boys" paid no more attention to the command than if they had not heard it. They were determined to escape, or die trying, and had there been a thousand soldiers at their heels, they would not have stopped.

The timber was now close at hand.

They would reach it in a few moments.

They hoped they would succeed in getting in among the trees before the redcoats fired the next volley, but they were disappointed in this.

The redcoats were watching that part of it, and fired while yet the three were ten yards from the edge of the timber.

As the roar of the volley was heard, Bob gave utterance to a cry of pain, but he did not stop running.

"Are you wounded, Bob?" asked Dick anxiously.

"Yes, Dick."

"I have a scalp-wound, myself, but can bind my head with a handkerchief. I hope your wound is not a bad one."

"I—don't—know. It—feels—pretty—bad."

It was evident that Bob was in pain.

Just then they entered the timber, and Dick said:

"We will be all right, now, boys; can you keep on a while longer, Bob?"

"Yes—I—think—so, Dick."

Bob was badly wounded, but he was all nerve, and would not give up. He felt that the lives of his comrades, as well as of himself, depended on his continuing to run; for he knew the two would not go on and leave him to his fate. They would stick by him, and if he was captured they would fight to rescue him. So he gritted his teeth, and continued to run, his iron nerve being all that held him to the work.

Onward they dashed.

They were at home in the timber, for they had been used to it all their lives.

This gave them an advantage over their pursuers, and had it not been for the fact that Bob was wounded they would easily have given the enemy the slip. Now, however, in spite of all he could do, Bob began to weaken, and was forced to go slower and slower.

"I fear you are severely wounded, Bob," said Dick, solicitously.

"I—guess—I—am—pretty hard—hit, Dick," was the reply.

In order to throw the redcoats off the track, the three bore away to the southwestward, and soon they heard no sounds to indicate the presence of any redcoats anywhere near them.

"I guess we have thrown them off our track," said Dick. "Now, if we could only find a good place to stop for the rest of the night, we would be all right."

Just then they emerged from among the thick trees and underbrush, and found themselves in a little glade, at the farther edge of which stood a small log cabin.

"There's a hut!" exclaimed Mart. "Maybe we can stop here till morning."

Bob was staggering now, and Dick threw his arm around his comrade's waist, and supported him.

"Lean on me, Bob," he said, gently. "We will stop here at this cabin, and I will make an examination, to see how badly wounded you are."

They soon reached the cabin, which was easily seen in the moonlight, and knocked on the door.

Presently it was opened, and a short, squat, heavily-built negro stood before them.

"Who are yo', an' whut yo' want?" the negro asked, gruffly.

"We want to come in and spend the night in your cabin," said Dick. "My comrade, here, is wounded, and I wish to examine and dress his wound."

"Oh, den dat shootin' whut I done heerd, wuz sumbuddy tryin' ter kill yo'."

"Perhaps so; stand aside, please, and let us enter."

The negro did so, and when the three had entered he closed the door and barred it, and lighted a candle.

"Dar; now yo' kin see whut yo' 'bout," he said, and he indicated a rude bunk at one side of the room, and went on: "Yo' kin lay down dar, sah."

This part of the remark was addressed to Bob, and the wounded youth staggered over to the bunk, and with Dick's assistance got into it.

Then Dick made an examination of the wound. Bob had indeed received a severe wound. The bullet had struck in the right shoulder, and had torn its way on through, and out under the arm-pit. The youth had bled to such an extent as to weaken him greatly, and he fainted while Dick was dressing the wound.

They brought him to, again, when Dick had finished, however; but Bob was so weak he could not move himself.

Dick was anxious, but he would not let this show in his face. He would not have made Bob feel worried, for the

world, so he smiled when talking to his wounded comrade, and spoke cheerfully and reassuringly.

To himself, however, he acknowledged that the matter was serious. Bob was wounded so severely that with the best of care it would be two weeks before he could ride a horse. So this would make it necessary to remain in this part of the country at least a fortnight.

And another thing worried him. Bob would have to be where he would receive careful nursing and good food. This, of course, would be an impossibility if he remained in this cabin, so the only thing to do was to take him to the home of some settler.

Of course it was only natural that Dick should be at a loss to know where they could find a family that would be willing to take them in; but when he mentioned the matter to Mart, that youth at once told about the Morrisises, and suggested that they take Bob there.

"But you say Mr. Morris is a Tory, Mart," said Dick; "and he would likely go to St. Augustine and bring the redcoats down upon us, right away."

"I think not; I believe his wife and daughter, who are enthusiastic patriots, could persuade him not to do so."

"How far do they live from here, do you think?"

"I should judge it is two miles to their house."

"Well, we will risk it, I think; in the morning we will take Bob there, and try to get them to take him in and take care of him."

Then Dick engaged the negro in conversation, but received not much in the way of information from him. Dick's idea was that the negro was a runaway slave, and that he was hiding in the forest to keep his master from finding him.

Dick and Mart took turns sitting up and watching over Bob that night; they had feared, also, that the British might find them, but nothing of the kind occurred. Evidently the redcoats had gone toward the north, thinking the fugitives had gone in that direction.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFOOT IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

When morning came, and the negro had cooked breakfast, which consisted of venison and sweet potatoes, Dick and Mart ate heartily, but Bob was too weak and ill to eat anything.

"He will have to have chicken-broth, and things like that," said Dick. "He won't be able to eat solid food for a week, at least. He must have some medicine, also, for he has a high fever. There is nothing else to do. We must take him to the Morris home, and get them to take care of him, even if we have to make a prisoner of Mr. Morris, and hold him in his own house till Bob gets well."

This idea struck Mart as being a good one.

"That is just what we will do," he declared, grimly. "I

don't believe that his wife and daughter would care much either. Of course, they would not want him to know that they felt that way about it, but I am confident they would not object to such a thing very strenuously."

"All right. It is something we can do if it is forced upon us," said Dick. "Bob must be taken good care of if we have to fight to have it done."

The youths now began making preparations for the trip. They spread a blanket on the floor, and placed Bob on the blanket.

"Now, Sambo," said Dick—"Sambo" was the only name the negro had vouchsafed. "I am going to ask you to help us carry our comrade to the home of a settler, where he may be taken care of."

"Who is de settler, sah?" asked Sambo.

"His name is Morris."

The negro looked frightened.

"I kain't go cl'ar ter de house wid yo', sah," he said. "I done woaked foah Massa Morris, onct, sah, an' we had en diffikilty, an' I done quit him moughty suddint, an' e he wuz ter see me it'd go hard wid me. I'll he'p yo' kerry yo' frien' till we gits ter de open groun' back ob his house, an' den I'll hab ter stop dar."

"All right, Sambo; that will be satisfactory. We will be able to carry our comrade the rest of the way."

So they set out at once.

It was slow work, for they were but three, and it was necessary to exercise great care to keep from shaking or jolting Bob, and causing him pain.

They made their way onward steadily, however, and at last they came to the spot where they had left their horses, which was at the point where their camp had been pitched the evening before.

Here an unpleasant surprise awaited them.

Their horses were gone!

Somebody had found the animals and taken them, undoubtedly.

"I guess the redcoats have got our horses, Dick!"

"It would seem so, Mart."

"Yes, and that leaves us stranded here, doesn't it?"

"You are right. It leaves us afoot in the enemy's country."

"With a seriously wounded comrade to look after."

"True; the situation is serious, Mart. But we will not despair. We will make the best of the situation."

"So we will."

They went on their way, then, and half an hour later they came to the end of the timber, at a point just back of the Morris home.

"I guess I'll hab to leab yo's now," said Sambo. "Hi won't do foah me ter be seed by Massa Morris, nohow."

"All right; you may go, Sambo," said Dick; "and we are much obliged for the assistance you have given us."

"Dat's all right, sah; I doan' lak dem redcoaters, my se'f, an' I wuz glad ter he'p yo's."

"All right, Sambo; thank you, and if any redcoats come to your cabin and ask if you have seen us, tell them no."

"Dat's whut I'll do, sah. Good-by, massas."

"Good-by."

Sambo took his departure, and then Dick, who was a very strong youth, picked Bob up in his arms, saying:

"I can carry him so that it will be easier for him than both of us took hold," and then he strode toward the house, Mart keeping pace with him.

Bob lay limp and quiet in Dick's arms; his eyes were closed, his face pale, and it was plain that the strain of being carried so far had been too much for him; he had fainted.

They had almost reached the house, when the door opened and a man came forth. He carried a rifle in his hands, and when his eyes fell upon the youths he paused and gave utterance to an exclamation:

"It is the rebel spies!" he cried, and quick as thought he leveled the rifle and took aim at Dick.

At this instant the door opened again, and Helen Morris came forth. She paused with her hand on the door-knob, and stared in terror, her face growing pale.

The Tory would undoubtedly have shot Dick Slater, but the disguised "Liberty Boy" seized the rifle and prevented him from doing so.

"For shame, father! Would you shoot a wounded man?" cried the girl.

"Yes, I would!" cried the man, struggling with Mart for the possession of the rifle, his face the picture of rage. "I would; and what's more, I will! These are the rebels who were in St. Augustine, and who escaped last night; and one of them killed a British soldier. It was that one there, I think, and I am going to kill him and avenge the brave soldier of the king."

It was evident that the man meant what he said. His looks proved this, and so Mart put forth all his strength, and tore the gun from the man's hands and threw it to one side. Then he seized the Tory, threw him down, and it upon him, holding him in spite of all he could do.

"Can you hold him?" asked Dick.

"Yes, I can hold him all day if necessary," was the reply.

"All right." Then Dick turned to Helen, and her mother, as well—that good woman having come forth on hearing the sounds of loud talking—and said:

"I am sorry to force you to be spectators of this scene, or of course it is painful to you; but I have here in my arms a seriously wounded comrade. Unless he has good nursing and food and medicine he may die, and I am going to ask you, for humanity's sake, to take him in and help us take care of him."

"Don't you do it, Mary and Helen!" cried the Tory. "They are rebels, and you will make me very angry if you help them, as the scoundrel asks."

"They have nothing to say regarding this matter, sir. They will have to do as we say, or it will be the worse for you! We are going to hold you a prisoner, and your wife and daughter will have to help take care of our comrade, whether they want to or not. Do you hear?"

Then Dick advanced to the woman and girl, and smiling at them, said in a low tone: "I was sorry to speak so sternly; it was to make it easy for you." Then aloud, in the stern tone he had used before, he added:

"Show me the way to a room, where my comrade may be made comfortable, and be in a hurry about it!"

"All right, sir. This way, sir," cried Mrs. Morris, her voice trembling, as if the owner were frightened. "Come right into the house, sir."

The woman and the girl entered the house, Dick following, carrying Bob, and they were soon in a room on the second floor, where was a nice, comfortable bed. On this Dick placed the unconscious form of his comrade, and turning to the two, he said:

"Mrs. Morris and Miss Helen, Mart, down there, told me that you are patriots, and now I ask if you will be very angry with us if we hold your husband and father a prisoner until our comrade, here, is able to travel?"

"Certainly not, if no harm comes to him," was Mrs. Morris' reply.

"He shall not be harmed. Is there a room near this one, where we may keep your husband?"

"Yes; the room just across the hall."

"Good. Well, will you two kindly bathe my comrade's face and bring him to while I go down and help my comrade make a prisoner of Mr. Morris?"

"Certainly, Captain Slater."

They went to work, and Dick hastened downstairs and out to where Mart was sitting on the Tory. They quickly bound his arms, and then led him upstairs, and to the room in question, where he was locked in and left to cool off, while Dick and Mart went into the room where Bob and the women folks were.

Bob was conscious, but pale and weak. He understood what was said to him, and seemed to be glad to find that he was in such pleasant quarters.

So great were Bob's recuperative powers that at the end of two weeks he was able to get around the house in pretty good shape, and the three were talking of taking their departure.

* * * * *

During the two weeks Mr. Morris had been held a prisoner, though, he raged terribly, and threatened what he would do when he got free. Parties of redcoats had been at the house two or three different times, but had been sent away by Mrs. Morris and Helen, who told them nothing had been seen or heard of the three "rebel" spies. As Mr. Morris was known to be a rabid Tory, and it was supposed that of course the women folks were Tories also, the redcoats never thought of doubting the statement and searching the house.

Something else of interest had taken place during the two weeks. Mart Millard and Helen Morris had learned to love each other, and had plighted their troth, it being understood that Mart was to return at the close of the war and claim the beautiful girl for a wife.

The "Liberty Boys" had found their horses also, and so far as that was concerned, would be able to go at any time. The second day after they had taken up their quarters at the Morris home Jim Lucky came riding up, mounted on Dick's horse, and leading those of Bob and Mart.

He said he had found the animals wandering around, and had taken charge of them, but the youths shrewdly suspected that he had taken them, with the intention of trying to sell them to the British, but for some reason had changed his mind. And it may be said that this was the case. He had intended to take the horses to St. Augustine and sell them to the British, but when he started his courage failed him, and he turned back. He remembered very distinctly the thrilling experiences he had participated in the other time he was in St. Augustine, and he felt that he would not go through with such an adventure again for the price of a dozen horses.

It was decided at last that Bob was strong enough to stand the trip to Savannah, and so, bidding good-by to their good friends, Mrs. Morris and Helen, the youths rode away, Dick instructing them to free Mr. Morris after they had been gone an hour or so.

The youths reached Savannah in safety, in due time,

and were received as persons coming back from the ground for everybody had given them up for lost.

Dick made his report, and later on Gen. Howe marched down to the Florida border, where, many of his men being swept away by yellow fever, he was forced to stop, and when he returned with the remnant of his force, much disappointed.

THE END.

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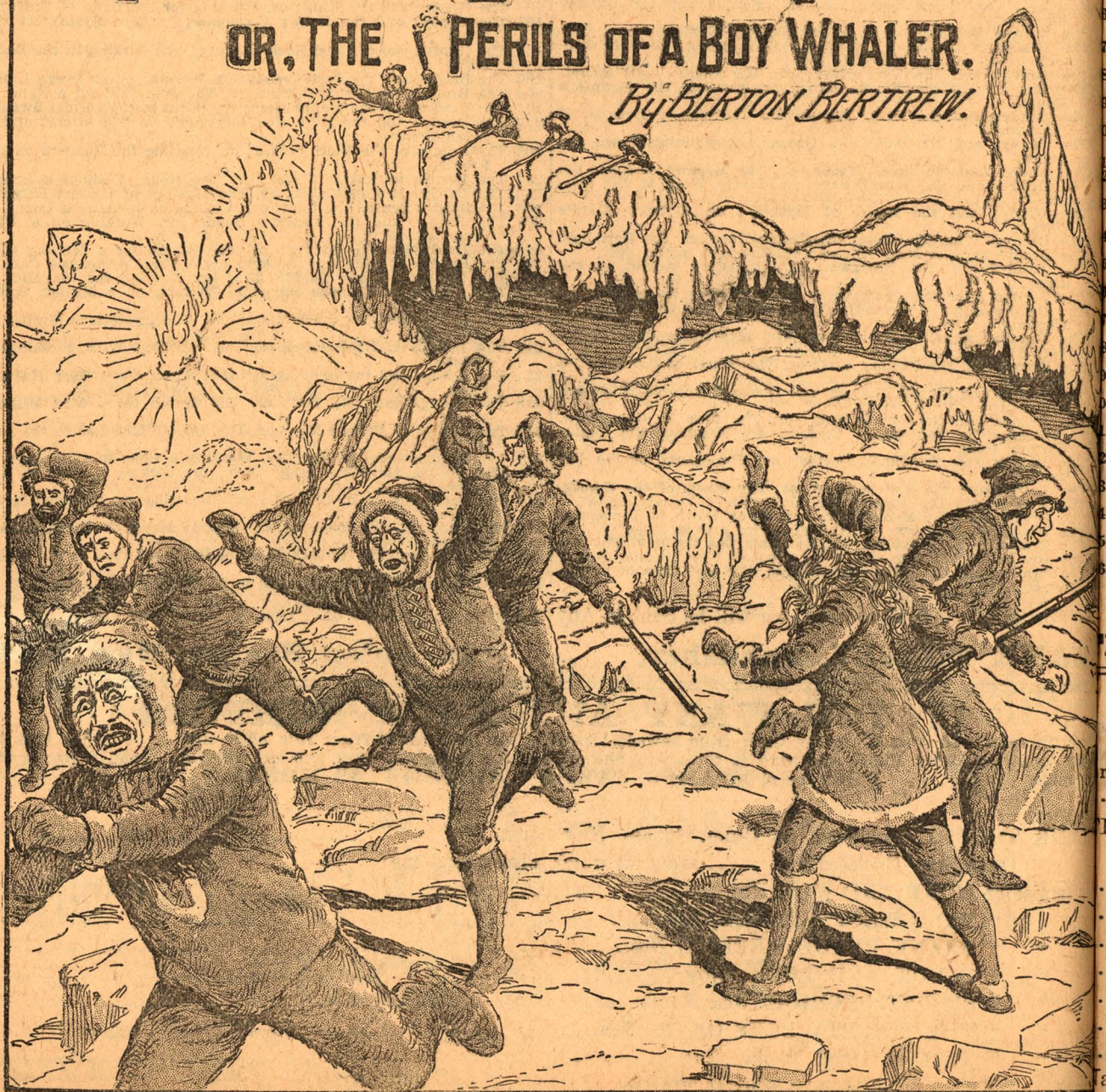
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